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Telling
STORIES.



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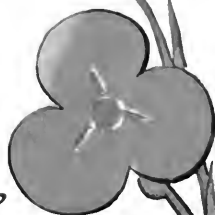
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TELLING STORIES BY FIRELIGHT.

THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES

BY THE AUTHOR OF

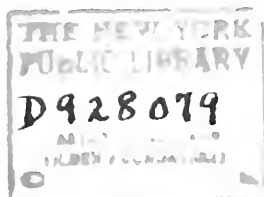
"DOINGS OF THE BODLEY FAMILY IN TOWN AND COUNTRY," "STORIES
FROM MY ATTIC," "DREAM CHILDREN," AND "SEVEN LITTLE
PEOPLE AND THEIR FRIENDS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS



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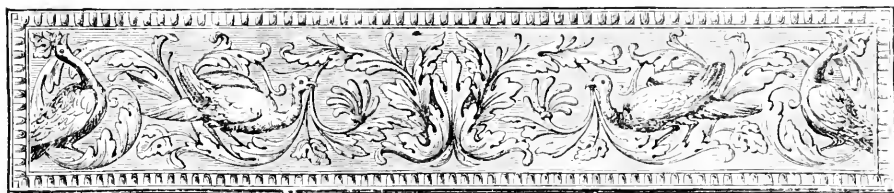


RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
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ONE VOICE AND ANOTHER.

*Her voice so pure, so heavenly high,
Runs winningly along,—
A sweet impatience in her cry,
And wonder in her song :*

*For on her listening ear there fell
A voice I may not hear,
And like a bird she tries to tell
The secret to my ear.*



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The author has made acknowledgment in several places in this volume of the favor shown him by friends who have told his stories in advance. He would here say that the music, not otherwise credited, is by the late Charles Moulton, of Paris, and that the Western and Indian stories were first told by Miss M. M. Thomas, of Cincinnati. The illustrations to *The Little Bachelor*, in chapter VI., drawn by Mrs. Lucy Gibbons Morse, suggested the tableaux described.

THE BODLEYS TELLING STORIES.

CHAPTER I.

A WINTER NIGHT'S TALE.

It was on a winter night, not long after New Year's Day, that the Bodley Family came back from a drive which they had taken. Martin, the coachman when he was driving, and man of all work when Mr. Bottom the weaving-horse was in his stall, had driven up to the front door, and out of the sleigh had jumped Mr. Bodley and Mrs. Bodley, Nathan, Philippa, and Lucy, and Cousin Ned Adams, who was Edward when his uncle was displeased with him, Adams when he was called up to recite at college, and occasionally when he wore a tall hat, Mr. Adams. It was only on his card and his letters that he was Mr. Edward G. Adams. We have nothing to do with the G. and very little with the Adams. So he is simply Cousin Ned, on a visit just now to his uncle's family during vacation.

It was supper time when they came home and the children were in high glee, not only because they had waffles, but because they had a secret. It was a secret which Cousin Ned had invented and was to be kept until after supper. Ned himself looked at each of the children as they ate, holding up his forefinger and frowning whenever they seemed about to open their mouths, not to put waffles

in, but to let the secret out. The children looked at one another and were bursting to tell their secret.

"I suppose," said Nathan mysteriously, "that the *c* will bear, won't it, Cousin Ned?"

"What 's the *c*?" asked Lucy. "The coast? Oh, I know."

"Lucy, Lucy," said Cousin Ned, "you were just going to tell."

"I'll tell you a secret about a secret," said Mr. Bodley. "A secret 's your own as long as it 's a secret."

"But there 's no fun in that," said Phippy. "I don't see the good of a secret unless you can tell somebody."

"Well," said Cousin Ned, "I'm going to tell Uncle Charles now, for supper 's over, and I can't keep it any longer. Uncle Charles, will you step into the entry a moment with me and my little secret?" They both left the room, and Phippy immediately burst out:

"It 's a coast, mama! a coast on the crust down in the Hollow on the sleigh bottom this very night by starlight."

"Is that your secret, too, Nathan and Lucy?"

"Oh, it belongs to all of us," said Nathan. "It is n't Phippy's secret in particular. May we? Cousin Ned has gone to ask papa."

"The secret 's out," said Ned, coming back at this moment. "I've given it to your papa, and he says he'll let us go on one condition, but you can't go except on that one condition." Ned looked very serious and discouraged. "No, two conditions, I forgot. What am I thinking of, there were three, — three positive conditions."

"Oh, do tell us," said Phippy. "A condition for each of us?"

"No, nine conditions, three apiece."

"Oh dear."

"One condition is," said the young gentleman, counting on his fingers, "that you should get ready immediately. That 's three

conditions, one for each of you." The children all started for the door. "Stop! there are two more conditions. Number two is that your father shall go with us."

"Hurrah!" they cried, and rushed at their father.

"The third condition is, that your mother shall go." At that they all turned about and deserted their father, to smother their mother with kisses, and scampered out of the room to fulfill the first condition. There was an old sleigh bottom in the barn, which had been unused for a long time. No one seemed to know how it came there, or what was to be done with it. The body was gone, and the shafts broken off. Cousin Ned had eyed it, and proposed to Martin that they should make a great hand-sled of it; so, between them, they had produced a very roomy, though rather unwieldy, sled, and had been waiting for a few days for an opportunity to use it. Ever since it had been finished, there had been a thaw, a drizzling rain, and finally sleet, and to-day, for the first time, it had been cold and pleasant. A hard, icy crust had formed, and Ned had satisfied himself that there never would be a better time for trying Japhet's sled, as he called it, on the long slope that ran into the Hollow. At the foot of the slope was the kitchen garden, and small spears of plants occasionally stuck up through the snow, but too weak and brittle to check the sled, and the stone wall at the end was a long way from the level at the foot of the hill.

Japhet's sled, or Japhet, as it came to be known, was brought round to the front door by Martin and Ned, who pranced in fine style. Mrs. Bodley and Lucy were placed upon it, while Mr. Bodley and Nathan and Phippy and the young men dragged the old fellow to the top of the hill, Phippy occasionally jumping upon

it to help it along still faster. The crust was very hard. Nathan tried in vain to drive his boot-heels in, and in some places it was so glary that Japhet slipped about, and it was very hard for the party to keep their feet. But they reached the head of the hill, and all but Ned found places on the great sled. Martin was seated in front with his feet braced against the cross-bar; there was no steering apparatus, and no need for much steering, as the coast was very straight, but Ned said he would make a rudder of himself.

"Are you all ready?" he cried.

"All ready!" they shouted, while Martin gripped the handle of the sled, a long tongue which was now held upright.

"Go it, then!" said Ned, and pushing the monster a few steps, when it began to go faster and faster, he flung himself upon the tail of the sled, and, not getting fairly on, went slithering down the coast, flinging his long legs behind him. But they were all so intent on the ride that they never discovered poor Ned at all until they reached the foot of the hill.

"You didn't ship your rudder," said that young gentleman. "I've worn the toes of my boots down about four and a third inches, I believe," but he helped pull Japhet up again for all that. It was very exciting to start slowly, slowly, and then go faster and faster, till the laughing, screaming load went whizzing down the slope. The first one or two times it took their breath away so that they were very quiet; but as soon as they were a little used to it, they made a great uproar, and all pushed or pulled Japhet up the hill again. The moon was not shining, but the sky was full of bright stars.

"I wish we had a lantern!" said Nathan; "I wish I had my jack o' lantern here. We'd fix it on the tongue, and then every-

body would see to clear out of the track. I tell you, it would n't be very good fun to be run over by us."

"We ought to put up some sticks," said Phippy, "two great bean poles with a stick across, with 'Look out for Japhet when the lantern shines,' on it; Nathan, let's do it to-morrow. Let's do it to-night. I know where there are some bean poles, back of the barn." But just then some one, entirely out of danger at the top of the hill, was seen beckoning to them, as they clambered up. It proved to be one of the servants, to say that some evening callers had come. The children could not stay without the two conditions. Mr. Bodley said, so they all went back to the house.

"This is nothing to 'Pirate'" said Ned, as the children stood talking together.

"Oh, tell us about 'Pirate,'" said Nathan. "Was it as big as Japhet?"

"'Pirate' 's a game," said Ned, "that I used to play when I was a boy at school. After you are all snug in bed, unless you want to go straight to sleep, I'll tell you about it." The children hurried helter-skelter up-stairs eager to get ready for bed.

"That's a condition," said Lucy, sagely. "Cousin Ned is going to tell us a story, on condition we go to bed."

"Well, I've got off nearly all my conditions," said Phippy, and so she sat on the rug in front of the fire and hugged her knees until Cousin Ned should come up. The children's rooms were separated by a little passage, which they called Behring Strait, chiefly because it was so cold there. Phippy and Lucy slept in one room, and Nathan in the other. To-night, when the children were fairly in bed, Cousin Ned came up-stairs, and after throwing pillows with Nathan to wake him up, he said, before he went to sleep, went into Behring

Strait, leaving the doors open into the two rooms, and began to tell the children about "Pirate." It was like having a story come out of the air, the children said, to have Cousin Ned sit in Behring Strait, where they could not see him, and tell stories; and the story-teller sometimes added to the mystery by indulging in various illustrative sounds and imitations which were most delightfully real, since no one could see how they were produced.

"I will tell you how we played 'Pirate' at our boarding-school," he began, "but I would rather you would not listen, Lucy, as it is a somewhat dangerous game, and I would on no account have you play it. We boys — I was a boy then — were divided into two parties, pirates and merchantmen. I suppose you know what a pirate is, Lucy? that is, if you are listening."

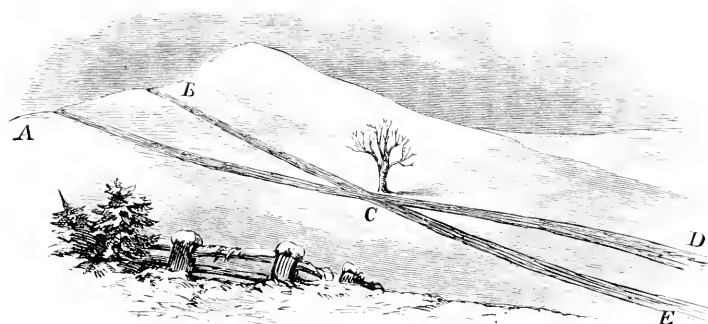
"A pirate," said Lucy's voice under the bedclothes, "is a man that guides ships into port. He goes out in a boat and waits for ships, and then he steers them in."

"Hoh! that's a pilot," said Nathan from the other room.

"I know what a pirate is," said Phippy. "He's an awful man that goes round with a cutlass and boards ships, and the captain cries, 'Man your yards!' and they fight, and the pirate gets the ship and puts her down a scuttle, and goes off with kegs on kegs of Spanish dollars." This definition, made up of scraps from Phippy's reading, was allowed to pass for the present, and Ned went on.

"Well, there were, say, a dozen of us boys, and six would play they were pirates, and six, merchantmen. We took our sleds to the top of a hill, and the merchantmen made double runners of theirs, say three double runners with two boys to each; that's rather few, but I don't want to bother you with making you remember too many boys. There were two starting places to coast from at the top of

the hill, and the two coasts crossed each other about half-way down. I'm drawing a picture here in the dark to show you in the morning exactly how it was.¹ Now, the thing was for one of the merchantmen to start from one point, and go down the hill, crossing the pirate's track near an old apple-tree about half-way down. If it could get to the bottom of the hill, all right; but just after it started, one of the pirates would start from the other point, and try to reach the apple-tree just as the double runner merchantman did, and either run the merchantman down, or catch hold of some part of the double



The Coast ng Hill.

runner, or some one of the crew, and slew it down his own track, bringing his prize to the bottom of the hill. Then he would take the double runner to pieces and have two more pirate ships. Sometimes the merchantman would run a pirate down, and when two pirates were caught, they were made into a merchantman. The

¹ A, C, D, as Ned afterward explained, was the pirate's track, and B, C, E the commercial route. The pirate that reached D safely could go back and have another chance: but if he reached E without a prize, or was overtaken on the way and captured by a merchantman, he was no longer a wild roving pirate, but a meek ship that was to run on the route B, C, E. A merchantman, on the other hand, started from B, and aimed to reach E without being captured, but if he could, he caught a pirate on the way. If he got carried down to D, however, he became a prize for the pirates.

game ended when all the merchantmen were caught and turned into pirates, or all the pirates caught and turned into merchantmen.

"We had a famous time one night. We were out with our sleds late in the evening, playing 'Pirate' by moonlight. That was exciting! Just as we were dragging our sleds up the hill I heard a noise and stopped. There were two boys ahead of me, and two with me. The boys ahead did not hear anything, but the others did, and we three stopped to listen. The air was very still, and we could hear sounds a great way off. We heard the clock strike two miles away. Then we heard the sound of sleigh-bells jingling toward us:" — here Ned seizing his knife, beat a jingling tattoo on a flat iron which was lying near; "then we heard a squeal:" — here Ned squealed piteously.

"Oh, please don't," said Lucy. Jingle, jingle, went Ned's bells.

"The squealing kept on, and pretty soon a horse and sleigh came driving up the hill. We couldn't see any body driving, but we could see a pig in a box on the seat."

"Was it a Suffolk?" interrupted Nathan, who was rather a pig fancier.

"Well, you might have thought it was a Suffolk ating," said Ned, if it had n't been for the squeal. The horse stopped when he got to us. We looked into the sleigh. There was a buffalo robe on the bottom, and we thought the driver might have tumbled out, or have stopped somewhere on the road, and that the horse had started off without him."

"This pig's been to market," said Eustace Penhallow.

"Why, that's my cousin," said Phippy.

"To be sure, he was one of the boys," said Ned.

"He can't find his way home," said I, "let's show him." Just



THE MOONLIGHT COAST.

then the horse started off again, and as he was going toward the school, and our sport was over, we all gathered about the sleigh, putting the ropes of our sleds round the runners, so that we could sit on the sleds and be drawn by the sleigh, but let go our hold at any moment. You see none of us exactly liked to get into the sleigh because the pig was there. As we went up the hill, we overtook the two boys who were ahead, and they fastened their sleds too, and so we jogged along, the pig squealing, the sleigh-bells jingling, and we beginning to wonder what we should do about the horse and sleigh and pig, for after riding so far, we felt we ought to do something about it; it seemed as if we had captured a prize and were going into port. Just as we were coming to the school-house, the horse suddenly turned into a yard near by—it was Mr. Remick's—he was a farmer who supplied our school with milk and eggs and vegetables.”

“‘Ned,’ said Eustace to me, ‘I do believe this is old Remick’s horse.’ At that moment the horse stopped at the barn and we all jumped up from our sleds. The pig stopped squealing, and then the buffalo robe stirred, and a leg was seen kicking it aside. Out jumped a man. It was Mr. Remick.

“‘Well, boys,’ said he, ‘did the pig say wee, wee, wee, all the way home.’ He said the horse knew the way, and as he was tired and sleepy, he lay down at the bottom of the sleigh, kept the reins round his arm, covered himself with the robe, and went to sleep. When the horse stopped he heard our voices, but thought he would wait to see what we did, and then the horse started off again. I always thought that pig fancied he was driving, and he squealed to make the horse go faster.”

“I know a hymn about a pig,” said a voice in the next chamber.

"Why, Phippy, it is n't a hymn," said Lucy.

"Well, it 's in verses of four lines each, and I am sure that 's the way hymns look."

"Sing it to us, Phip," said Cousin Ned.

"I can't sing it, but I'll say it," said she. "You ought to see me say it, though, because I gesture. I learned to say it in school. But it 's rather cold, and, if you 've no objection, I'll just sit up in bed, and gesture as well as I can."

"But I can't see," said Nathan.

"Here, I'll put a blanket round you," said Ned; and so Nathan sat in his lap, and they two sat in the doorway, while Phippy, sitting upright in bed, declaimed with great energy

THE BALLAD OF LAZY BUNCH.

It was a little orphan boy,

His name was Lazy Bunch;
And all his time he did employ
In thinking of his lunch.

He lived alone and did not care
To till a heavy farm;
He did not want the wear and tear,
Nor like the aching arm.

So, hasty pudding was his fare,
And in an iron pot
He boiled enough, with some to spare,
And ate it piping hot.

The pot was big, the spoon was strong,
And in the kitchen stood
Ten bags of Indian meal, that long
Would furnish hearty food.

Ten jugs of maple syrup, too,
Were on the pantry shelf,
And no one said, "There! that will do;"
He always helped himself.

But Lazy Bunch began to tire
Of living all alone;
So he set the pot upon the fire,
The spoon upon a stone,

And took his seat upon the ground,
Outside his cottage door,
Till some good fellow should be found
To share his ample store,

And take his turn beside the pot,
Where a bubbling sound was heard
Whene'er the fire was burning hot,
And the mush was briskly stirred.

By came a Cow with crumpled horn,
Who chewed the slippery cud,
And, though her tail was somewhat torn,
Could whisk it with a thud.

"Come in, good Cow," said Lazy Bunch,
"Come in and dine with me.
I have within a goodly lunch
With quite enough for three."

"I cannot come," the good Cow said,
And switched her ragged tail,
"For two small babies must be fed,
And I must fill the pail."

"Then come to me, my woolly Sheep,
Said Lazy Bunch, when now,

With eyes half-closed, as if asleep,
One walked behind the cow.

“ I heard you, sir,” the Sheep replied,
“ Though wool is in my ears;
But I must find the river side
And lie beneath the shears.

“ I’ve saved this heavy coat of wool,—
‘Tis whiter than it seems,—
For blankets when the nights are cool,
That babes may have good dreams.”

“ Puss, puss!” he called, as now a Cat
Came softly down the road,
“ Pray tell me what you think of that,—
Look here!” — and then he showed

Through open door the iron pot,
The bags of Indian meal.
The syrup jugs, each corked with what
He said was orange peel,—

“ Come in sweet Cat, and dine with me,
And you may take the spoon.
And stir the pot, and we shall see
A royal dinner soon.”

“ Excuse me, sir,” said mistress Cat,
“ I would most gladly stay,
But I am told a monstrous rat
Was seen at home to-day.

“ And where two babes, a cow, and sheep
Are living in my house,
It is a solemn thing to keep
Away the smallest mouse.”

“Oh dear, oh dear, I do not see
Why all I ask decline;
I'm sure I'd not, if they asked me,
Refuse with them to dine.”

Just then a Pig came waddling by,
A pig with tail curled tight,
For he was wont that tail to tie
In paper every night.

Of that same tail he was so vain,
That since its growth was slow,
He ate with all his might and main
In hopes to make it grow.

He longed to see the happy day,
When he could squarely tread,
And looking round on all could say,
“My tail waves o'er my head.”



He stopped before the open door.
He thought he smelled some lunch;
“Walk in, fair Pig; I've swept the floor,
Walk in,” said Lazy Bunch.

"I smell your mush," the Pig then said,
 " I see your iron pot ;
But though my tail would fain be fed,
 Your pudding is not hot."

" I waited long for you to come,"
 Said little Lazy Bunch,
" But only make yourself at home,
 And I the fire will punch."

" I'll set the fire agoing now,
 And heat the pudding soon,
And if you like, I'll show you how
 To stir it with a spoon."

No answer came, and Bunch looked round;
 The Pig was fast asleep ;
Nor did he heed the loudest sound,
 His slumber was so deep.

Bunch fed the fire, and stirred about,
 And laid the table cloth ;
He took the maple syrup out,
 And brought the dishes forth ;

He rattled plates, and jingled tin,
 And filled a monstrous bowl,
Then poured the maple syrup in
 Where he had scooped a hole.

But still the Pig serenely slept,
 Quite easy in his mind,
And still his tender tail he kept
 Curled tightly up behind.

" Wake up, my Pig, I've boiled the mush,
 And we must eat it quick ;"

With that he gave the Pig a push
And poked him with a stick.



Up rose the Pig and took the chair
Which Bunch had placed for him;
The steaming pudding filled the air,
The bowl was full to the brim.

So tempting was the savory bowl,
That piggy could not wait
For Lazy Bunch the mush to dole
Out on his china plate ;



But raised himself upon his toes,
Without the faintest blush,

And thrust his eager, piggyish nose
Into the bowl of mush.

“’Tis very good,” he plainly said,
As Lazy Bunch turned pale,
“’Tis thus I would be daily fed,
I think it helps my tail.

“Now let us fill the bowl again
From out the iron pot,
I think I like my pudding, when
It still is piping hot.”

Then down got piggy from his chair,
And walked across the floor,
And Lazy Bunch, with troubled air,
Bore off the dish for more.

He took the iron cover off,
And went to get the spoon,
When all at once he heard a cough,
And then he heard a groan.

It was the Pig, the greedy Pig,
His tail was in the air,
The iron pot was very big,
His eager nose was there.

He splashed, and strove with might and main,
He waved his curling tail;
But all his efforts were in vain,
His strength began to fail.

In vain did Lazy Bunch seize fast
The languid tail and pull,
For when he gave it up at last,
The pot was just as full.

And so poor Bunch the cover took,
And clapped it on the pot,
And let poor piggy slowly cook,
For that was piggy's lot.



And Bunch himself sat down and thought
Of his departed friend ;
How too much greed had plainly brought
Him to his mournful end.

And so it came that Lazy Bunch
Who once thought only how
He might enjoy a perfect lunch,
Became industrious now.

Ten children grew about his knee,
Ten hungry little souls.
Oh, 't was a pleasant sight to see
Him fill their breakfast bowls.

For in his house there always stood
Ten bags of Indian meal ;
Ten jugs of maple syrup good,
Tight corked with orange peel.

There was no applause when Phippy had ended, and the reason was soon evident. Phippy herself could not applaud — that would not have been proper. Cousin Ned could not well make much noise, or he would wake Nathan; and Lucy did not stir, for she was fast asleep.

“ Well,” said Phippy, “ I might just as well have stopped in the middle, I suppose, and here I’ve been gesturing away till my hands are almost frozen — Is it cold in Behring Strait ? ”

“ Not v-v-ery,” said Cousin Ned, suddenly making his teeth chatter, like a pair of bones. “ Go to sleep, Phippy, and I’ll put this log of wood on the fire — in the bed, I mean ; and so Nathan was comfortably stowed in his bed, without once waking, and Ned went down stairs.

CHAPTER II.

PIRATES IN FACT AND IN FANCY.

At breakfast the next morning, Nathan announced that he and Cousin Ned were going to be pirates, and Lucy and Phippy might be merchantmen.

“ No,” said Phippy, “ I mean to be a pirate.”

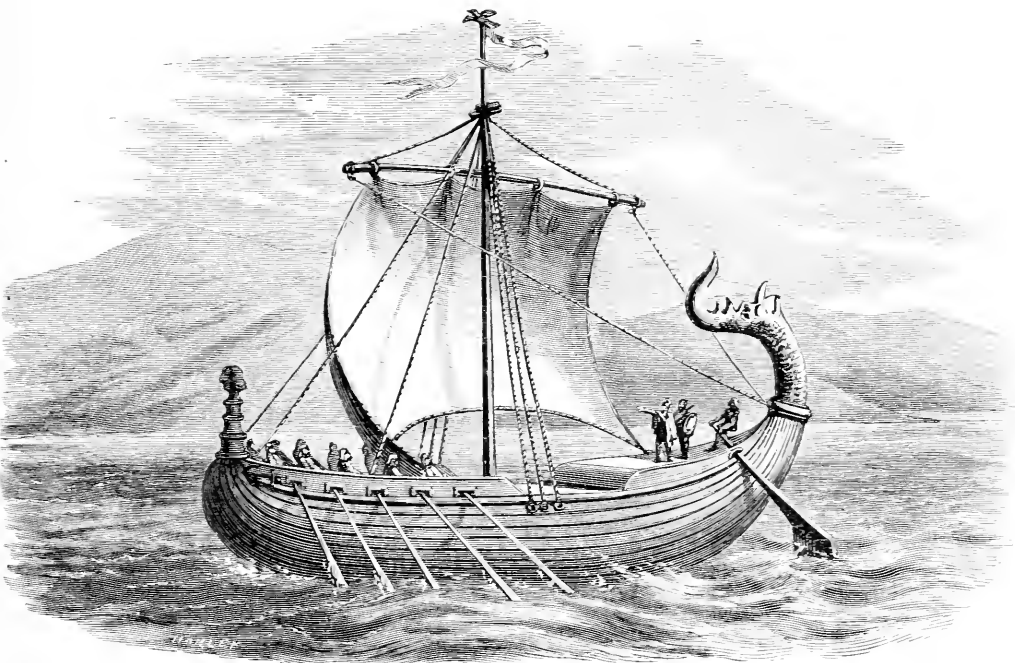
“ Who ever heard of a girl that was a pirate ? ” asked Nathan contemptuously.

“ I,” said his father, “ The first white woman who ever came to this country was a pirate.”

“ Was she Columbus’s wife ? ” asked Phippy.

“No ; she came, if she came at all, long before Columbus’s grandmother was born.”

“Did Columbus have a grandmother ?” said Lucy, looking a little startled. “How very old she must have been.”



A Ship in which Northmen sailed.

“She would be if she were living now, Lucy, but Hekia, the woman I mean, would be nearly five hundred years older.”

“I suppose she was a Bible woman,” said Nathan the wise. “Perhaps she was in one of the genealogies that we skip.”

“She was a Scotswoman,” said Mr. Bodley. “and though perhaps it is n’t fair to call her a pirate, she was the slave of pirates. About five hundred years before Columbus sailed across the Atlantic, there

were people from Norway who had sailed to Iceland, and afterward to Greenland, and so had come to our shores; and after one or two visits had been made by bold sailors and pirates, we are told that a company of three ships containing men and women came, meaning to make a settlement. When they came to what is very likely Cape Cod they sent ashore two Scotch slaves, a man named Haki and a woman named Hekia, and told them to run over the land to the southwest three days and see what they could see and then return. If all this is true, then I think Hekia was probably the first white woman who landed here, and it is even possible that she landed at Hyannis Port where your grandfather lives."

"Why, I should think grandfather would know," said Lucy.

"Unfortunately Hekia only wore a single garment which began at her head and came down to her knees, with slits for her arms, and she wore no shoes, so that she could run fast, and thus she really had nothing to leave at Hyannis Port, if it was there that she went ashore, and there is not a sign to be found anywhere on the coast of the landing of these Northmen; for they quarreled badly and sailed away from Vinland, as they called our country. But then they had no idea of what it was they had found, and besides when they found Vinland, people were not so very desirous of leaving Norway. They could quarrel and fight at home as well as sail across the water to do that. But when Columbus discovered America again, all Europe was astir, and brave men were thinking of something else than fighting; they were ready to fight if necessary, but they wanted something worth fighting for, and there were two great reasons why, when America was discovered by Columbus, it was ready to stay discovered. People were very religious, and wished to do something for the church. They had been fighting the Turks, and were very

zealous to gain new lands and riches for the church as well as for their own kingdoms. Then, after a great deal of selfish living in Europe for nearly fifteen hundred years after Christ came, men were beginning to learn how to live with one another without each one trying to crowd his neighbor out of the way. So when America was discovered there was a great deal of life and enterprise, and if anything new was discovered or invented, it became quickly known, and a great many people at once were interested. Still there were plenty of pirates about then, too, and Columbus himself had some hard fights with them, but the pirates were beginning to be put down."

"But, Uncle Charles," said Ned, "you say those Northmen did not leave any trace of their visit in our country. Now I thought they took pains to build that round tower in Newport so that it might be a picturesque ruin to-day."

"It would be very pleasant to believe that, Ned; but we should have to believe first that our English ancestors, when they first settled in Rhode Island, found that tower, and never wondered how it got there. No, the tower was probably an old stone mill, built by Governor Arnold, and the old warrior who was dug up at Fall River, clad in rusty armor, comes as near as anything to a veritable relic of the Northmen. I should like to believe he was one of those quarrelsome fellows who had lain buried for eight or nine hundred years in the land that his friends seem to have forgotten. and as some bones were certainly buried here, these may have been the remains of a Northman; but I must try very hard to believe. Nathan, you like ballads, and, after breakfast, I will give you one you can learn. It is by one of our own poets who went riding one day on the sea-shore at Newport. A year or two before the skeleton

had been dug up at Fall River, and as he thought of that and remembered the old stone tower at Newport, he put the two together in his mind, and made the old warrior build the tower."

It was a pleasure to Nathan to learn poetry, and that morning and the next he was busy over "The Skeleton in Armor." When the evening came, and the family were all sitting before the fire after supper, cracking and eating shagbarks, Nathan suddenly jumped up and said:—

"Mr. Chairman and Fellow-citizens, Master Nathan Bodley will now recite a poem about a pirate. But was he a pirate, papa? He calls himself a Viking."

"It is much the same thing. Thanny; he was not a king at all, though the word sounds like it. He was a man who used the vick or bay to run his vessel into. The vick was something like our creek."

"Then I should think he would be called a creaking." said Ned.
"Go on, Nathan, about your creaking viking." So Nathan, standing on the table for better effect, recited

THE SKELETON IN ARMOR.

BY HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

"Speak! speak! thou fearful guest!
Who with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armor drest;
Comest to daunt me!
Wrapt not in Eastern balms,
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms.
Why dost thou haunt me?"

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise,
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;
And, like the water's flow
Under December's snow,
Came a dull voice of woe
From the heart's chamber:

“ I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
No Saga taught thee !
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man's curse !
For this I sought thee.

“ Far in the Northern Land,
By the wide Baltic's strand,
I, with my childish hand
Tamed the ger-falcon ;
And, with my skates fast bound,
Skimmed the half-frozen Sound,
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.

“ Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare
Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf's bark,
Until the soaring lark
Sang from the meadow.

“ But, when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ;
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
By our stern orders.

“ Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
Filled to o’erflowing.

“ Once, as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
Burning yet tender ;
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
Fell their soft splendor.

“ I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding, yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast,
Like birds within their nest
By the hawk frightened.

“ Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall;
Loud sang the minstrels all,
Chanting his glory;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
To hear my story.

“ While the brown ale he quaffed,
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind-gusts waft
The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn,
Out of those lips unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
Blew the foam lightly.

“ She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild,
And though she blushed and smiled,
I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight :
Why did they leave that night
Her nest unguarded !

“ Scarcely had I put to sea,
Bearing the maid with me, —
Fairest of all was she
Among the Norsemen ! —
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
With twenty horsemen.

“ Then launched they to the blast,
Bent like a reed each mast ;
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us ;
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw,
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

“ And as to catch the gale
Round veered the flapping sail,
Death ! was the helmsman's hail, —
 Death without quarter !
Mid-ships with iron keel
Struck we her ribs of steel ;
Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water !

“ As with his wings aslant,
Sails the fierce cormorant, ’
Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden,
So toward the open main,
Beating to sea again,
Through the wild hurricane,
 Bore I the maiden.

“ Three weeks we westward bore,
And when the storm was o’er,
Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;
There for my lady's bower
Built I the lofty tower
Which, to this very hour,
 Stands looking sea-ward.

“There lived we many years;
Time dried the maiden’s tears;
She had forgot her fears,
She was a mother;
Death closed her mild blue eyes;
Under that tower she lies;
Ne’er shall the sun arise
On such another!

“Still grew my bosom then,
Still as a stagnant fen!
Hateful to me were men,
The sunlight hateful!
In the vast forest here,
Clad in my warlike gear,
Fell I upon my spear.
Oh, death was grateful!

“Thus, seamed with many scars,
Bursting these prison bars,
Up to its native stars
My soul ascended!
There from the flowing bowl
Deep drinks the warrior’s soul,
Skoul! to the Northland! skoul!”
—Thus the tale ended.

“Well done, Nathan,” said his father, as he finished and climbed down from the table. “You will make a famous skald in time.”

“That’s just what I was going to ask you, father,” said Phippy. “What is a skald?”

“When this viking was supposed to be living, skalds were the poets of the time, who accompanied the kings to war, and then sang of their great deeds in time of peace, when the kings and

warriors were assembled in their great halls, eating and drinking. The minstrels who sang so loud in Prince Hildebrand's hall were skalds, I suppose; and when he says they stood mute, while they heard his story, I don't believe he meant that they were mute altogether with astonishment, for skalds themselves sometimes married daughters of princes."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Bodley; "it seems to me that he knew he was but a viking wild, and the minstrels about the king would be more likely to think as the king thought, whose glory they had been singing."

"You should take the viking's part, Sarah," said Mr. Bodley; "though to be sure he seemed quite able to take care of himself."

"But what became of the little girl?" asked Lucy.

"What little girl?" asked her father.

"Why, the viking's little girl. He says his wife was a mother."

"So it does. I do not believe the little girl lived, or the father never would have gone into the forest and fallen on his spear. I suppose that when his wife and child were dead, this Northman found life very different here among the small men who lived about the coast, from what he had known it in Norway. A Norway pirate would have made a poor Robinson Crusoe. What made Robinson Crusoe's life so interesting was, that when he found himself alone on the island, he set about tilling the ground, and making friends with the dumb animals, and doing what a brave, patient man must do,—make the best and not the worst of the situation."

"And that's what these children must now do," said their mother; "go to bed as if they enjoyed it." So each went out of the room according to his or her best liking: Nathan running backward, Phippy with a hop, skip, and jump, and Lucy with a succession of little curtseys to every one present.

CHAPTER III.

ST. VALENTINE.



THE coast which the children had on the crust down into the Hollow was good for one or two days yet, when on a Monday, toward the middle of February, the air became raw and chill; the sun, even at noon, was dull, and a great ring was about it. Martin looked at the sun and the gray sky and shook his head.

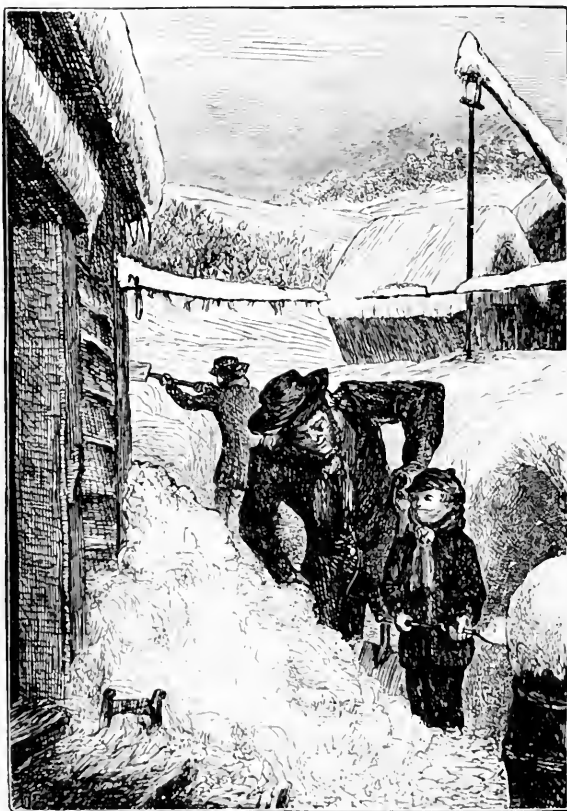
“There ’ll be a tempest to-night,” said he; “and it looks as if it would last through to-morrow.”

“Oh, goody,” said Phippy. “I don’t care how hard it snows. I wish it would snow so hard as to come up to the roof, and we should have to dig our way out.”

“T ain’t so much fun after all,” said Martin, who knew that he would have to do most of the shoveling. “But if it does snow and cover us up, I guess you and Lucy will have to get the kitchen shovel and dig some. Hen and I had to dig out more ’n once up at the farm in winter time. Father, he could dig as well as any one, but he set me to working when I was a little mite of a chap, no bigger ’n you.”

The snow began to fall in the afternoon, and when Mr. Bodley came out from the city at night, he called for a broom and swept himself down in the porch, for the snow was falling fast, and the wind was blowing it into drifts. There was a hard bottom of snow and ice to receive the new fall, so that nothing was wasted, and the snow fell steadily all night long. When the children looked out of

the window the next morning, the snow was still falling, and all the trees as far as they could see were laden with a heavy weight of the white fruit. The evergreens, especially, with their broad, thick



Martin with his Fire Shovel.

masses of branches and twigs, were snowy tents. The wind had gone down, and the air was still, but full of the falling flakes. At breakfast there was much talk of what was to be done that day.

“I suppose school won’t keep but half a day,” said Nathan, “and

I think you'd better see that my luncheon basket is pretty full, mother. If it should still snow, perhaps you'd better send Martin or Cousin Ned for us in the sleigh." Mrs. Bodley laughed. She was used to Nathan's important airs.

"Uncle Charles," said Ned, "I saw a stuffed reindeer at the Natural History Rooms the other day. Won't you kindly have it sent out to me? I think it may be best to harness it to Japhet, for I shall probably have to go after these children, and I am afraid Mr. Bottom will lose his head, there is so much snow."

"Oh," said Lucy, I wish we might stay at home to-day and have mama teach us."

"I think I will keep you at home, Lucy," said her mother. "but the others may go to school, if they like. I'm afraid Nathan would be disappointed. I think he has set his heart on carrying a good lunch." So it was decided, and as the snow was pretty deep, Martin put Mr. Bottom into the sleigh and drove Nathan and Phippy to school, as well as went for them.

Lucy meanwhile was to have her lessons at home, and Cousin Ned begged that he might be teacher. They went off together into the library, and Ned, to make himself look wiser, put on a pair of gold-bowed spectacles which he found in a drawer and placed himself in front of Lucy.

"First class in spelling," he called out, and Lucy got up and made a little curtsy.

"Spell Ned: that's an easy word."

"E-d-w-a-r-d."

"Well, that's the hardest way to spell it. You may go to the head. Now define Ned."

"Ned is — is a cousin."

“ Oh, he is, is he ? Lucy is a cousin, too ; are Ned and Lucy all the same ? ”

“ Ned is a male cousin. He is a young man who tells me stories.”

“ No, he is n't this morning.”

“ Oh, Cousin Ned,” said Lucy, suddenly. “ I forgot all about it. To-morrow is Valentine's Day. Will you help me write a valentine after I've learnt my lessons ? I want to write one to Nathan.”

“ How do you mean, help you ? ”

“ Why, you write one, and I'll copy it. I've got some paper, some beautiful paper with a lovely border to it.”

“ Well, I'll write it, though it makes me feel badly. I thought, perhaps, you'd send me one.”

“ Oh, you're too big ; it's only children that send valentines. Grown people don't want them.” Ned pushed his spectacles on hard, and said he would try to write a valentine for Lucy to send to Nathan : and if she would study hard till he got it done, he would give it to her to copy for a writing lesson. So he set her some sums to do, while he took another slate, and set about writing the valentine. Lucy finished her sums and was drawing pictures long before Ned had ended his task.

“ Seems to me I'm the one that's in school,” said the young man. “ But here it is, and I'll dictate it to you, Lucy, while you write on your beautiful paper.” By the time the dictation was done and the valentine copied, Mrs. Bodley came to see how the school was getting along.

“ Are you the committee, ma'am, or are you the parent of this school ? ” asked Ned, rising and making a bow.

“ Just now I'm the old lady that makes gingerbread for the children's luncheon,” said she. “ Do you mean to have more than one session this stormy day, sir ? ”

"Not for me," said Ned. "The school can have another session if it wants to, but the schoolmaster has resigned."

"We 've been writing beautiful poetry, mama. It's a valentine I'm going to send to Nathan."

"Yes'm. We got as far as composition to-day in our school. Compose yourself, ma'am, and listen."

"No, no," said Lucy. "You don't want to see it, do you, mama? Cousin Ned wrote it, and I copied it; but I want Nathan to see it first."

"Well, Nathan shall see it first; but what do you think of this? Can you take a recess long enough to hear a letter from your Aunt Lucy?"

"Yes, indeed," said Lucy. "Do read it. Is it to me?"

"No; but it has a good deal about Alice in it, and about Hattie, too, Ned; so you will like to hear it, and hear how brave your little sister has been." Hattie was Ned's sister, who had gone out to the far West to spend a year with her uncle, Mr. Lape, who had a little daughter two years younger than Hattie. Alice had lived for several years in the West, on the prairie; but Hattie had always lived in the city, and was visiting her uncle now, because she was not well, and it was thought that she would grow strong if she could have that rough western life. So this is a part of the letter which Mrs. Bodley's sister, Mrs. Lape, had written to her: —

"Hattie and Alice had an adventure which I should not like to see repeated. You know that the girls have ridden horseback a great deal since Hattie came. All the fall they would ride nearly every day, cantering into the prairie, and making their way through the marshy places, coming home with their horse's bridles stuck full of the feathery red flowers which grow there. The mail comes

three times a week, and the post-office is five miles away, so Hattie, who always is hungry for letters, has been in the habit of riding there and back with Alice almost every mail day. The other day, I hesitated about letting them go, for a storm seemed rising; but they were so eager, that I finally sent them off, but earlier than usual. They had been gone an hour, when the storm came upon us, and the snow drove down furiously. I felt uneasy, but they were so used to the way, and the horses they rode were so trusty, that I went about my work and tried to dismiss my anxiety. Out here on the prairie we get fearless, for we have to face danger in so many ways.

“But when night came and the storm still kept on, I began to go to the door every few minutes, trying to make them out. My husband was late, and it was nearly eight o'clock when he returned. He ate supper and then said that he would get the Bryants who lived half a mile away, and they would go out with lanterns to search for the girls; ‘but do not you fear,’ said he, ‘for the girls will let the horses go, and they will find the way home.’ Of course I could not go to bed. I could not lie down. There was no one in the house with me, and I can hardly tell you how I passed the hours. At length, about midnight, as I was peering out of the window between my hands, I saw a horse struggling through the snow toward the house. I threw my shawl over my head, and rushed out. It was Alice’s horse, Gipsy, but what was my terror to find the horse was alone. She was saddled and bridled. I dared not think what had become of my child. I led the horse to the barn, and rubbed her down, and gave her some clean straw, and some supper, but all the time my heart was in my mouth. Then I went back and waited. Still no one came, and no news. Oh, Sarah, I won’t try to tell you of all that I thought.

“Then, as morning just began to dawn, I heard the baying of the dogs; I knew something was coming. I had a great fire on the hearth, and all manner of hot cloths and hot drinks, and water on the fire, hardly knowing what might be needed. I strained my eyes to see. Then I could wait no longer and struck out through the snow toward the little piece of wood that is near our house, in the direction of the sounds. Soon I made out horses and men. Mr. Lape was in front on his strong horse, carrying Alice in his arms; Mr Bryant was close behind with Hattie.

“‘All right, all right!’ Henry called out, and I was so glad that I burst into tears and laughs at once. But I knew they would need everything, and I tumbled through the snow back into the house. When they came, I asked no questions, but put the two girls right to bed, and with hot drinks and hot flannels, I had soon taken the cold out of them and got them to sleep. It was only at night again that I heard their story. It seems that when they were at the post-office they heard some talk of wolves that had been seen on the road by which they were to return, and they were frightened. The men ought never to have let them come home alone after that. They lingered before starting, and finally agreed to leave the path and strike by a shorter way home. After a while, the way became rougher, and they tried to get back again into the path; they turned in the direction in which they thought it lay, but though they rode and rode, they could not come to it. The snow was falling and darkness had come on. Alice became thoroughly frightened, and Hattie, brave girl, kept up her courage wonderfully. At length they did not dare move for fear of getting into a morass. Alice was cold, and begged they might get off their horses, and hug closely together. They each had a heavy shawl upon the saddle,

which they wound round their feet to serve as a protection in the cold and getting down into the tall dry grass they were partly protected from the wind. Each wound the rein of her horse about her wrist. Alice was so exhausted, that she dropped to sleep lying against Hattie, and while asleep, her rein became detached, and



Finding the way Home.

Gipsy, who had been getting restless, feeling free, shook herself and galloped away. Hattie's horse, Charley, tried to follow, but Hattie held him fast. It grew colder and colder, and at length Hattie said she knew they would be frozen if they stayed there, and they must both mount Charley and try to find their way home. It was Alice then who suddenly thought of what they both knew

but had forgotten, that if they were to let Charley go, he would go straight home, just as Gipsy no doubt had. That gave them new courage and hope, so Hattie helped Alice up on Charley's back and climbed up herself. She sat in the saddle and made Alice sit behind boy fashion, and put her arms around her: they wrapped their shawls about them as well as they could, and let Charley go. He went plunging through the snow, and the tumbling about helped to warm them. But they were nearly dead with cold when about a couple of miles from the house they heard the dogs. They thought at first it was wolves, and their hearts sank, but just then Leo came bounding up to them. He was with Mr. Lape, and seemed as glad to find them as his master was.

"It was last week when this happened, and nothing else has been talked of since, but I notice that Hattie does not say as much about it as Alice does. She said to me yesterday, 'Aunt Lucy, I wish you would write home how we were lost. I can't somehow,' and I don't wonder. But you must not be troubled, Sarah. In a new country like this these adventures seem to be necessary, and I suppose we grow hardened to them, and better able to meet the next: but I earnestly pray that the girls may not have to pass such another night."

Lucy had crept closer to her mother as she read the letter, and Ned was very silent when it was finished.

"Do you think Phippy and Nathan will get lost coming home?" whispered the little girl, who began to be afraid of the snow.

"Here they are now!" said her mother, and at that moment four feet were heard racing through the hall. The children burst into the library.

"It's snowing still," they cried both together. "Mother," said Nathan, "Martin says that there is a drift out by the barn that is eight feet high. He has measured it with a pole."

“ Yes,” said Phippy, “ and he says that Hen wrote him in a letter from California that he had seen snow there eighteen feet deep on a level.”

“ Did Hen measure it with a pole ? ”

“ He measured it with a yarn, I guess,” said Ned. “ That Hen of Martin’s can tell the longest yarn of any one I ever heard.”

“ But he could n’t poke the yarn down into the snow,” said Phippy. “ But, mother, may n’t we play John and Margaret this afternoon ? And Cousin Ned can be a pilgrim too ; but you must n’t tip the Rock over, Cousin Ned.”

“ I think Cousin Ned will have to make believe that he steps on the Rock,” said Mrs. Bodley. “ Yes, you may have the clothes, but be very careful.” So the children with their tall cousin all went up into the great play-room, with its six great windows, and Ned was introduced to the mysteries of John and Margaret and Plymouth Rock. Years ago, when Mr. and Mrs. Bodley were young, before they were married, indeed, they had played in a little charade called “ Pilgrim.” Mr. Bodley had acted the part of John Winthrop, the first Governor of Massachusetts, and Mrs. Bodley that of Margaret Winthrop, his wife. John Winthrop and his wife were not precisely Pilgrims ; that is, they did not belong to the little company who came over in the Mayflower and landed at Plymouth, but to the richer and greater number who came over ten years later and made their home at Boston and Salem. In the charade, however, they were made to visit Plymouth, because Charles Bodley looked so much like the picture of John Winthrop, it was said, that he must be made to represent that character. And though there was no picture of Margaret Winthrop, everybody said that Sarah Winthrop, as she then was, must look like that sweet woman who was so fair and loving.

That was before Mr. and Mrs. Bodley were married, and people looked at each other and said afterward it had much to do with their being married, but they knew better. However, they had a liking for the dresses they had worn in the charade and kept them carefully. When the children grew, and heard about the Pilgrims, and about Governor John Winthrop and Margaret his wife, they were allowed as a special treat to play with the costumes. This afternoon Nathan put on the knee breeches and buckled shoes, the loose frock with its belt, and the stiff ruff about his neck, and only needed the beard to make him quite the picture of his great ancestor. Lucy too, with her white kerchief and quaint gown, looked out from under her cap with a modest air which would have been becoming to Margaret herself. Plymouth Rock was facetiously represented by an old fashioned cradle which stood in the play-room and served all sorts of purposes beside that of a rock; for it was a convenient wagon, a sleigh, a ship, or, when turned bottom upward, a hut for Robinson Crusoe.

When evening came and the family were all gathered before the blazing wood fire, the children fell to talking about their afternoon sport.

"We played that Cousin Ned was a wild Indian, papa," said Phippy. "He was a Puritan at first, but he jumped about too much for a Puritan, so we made him an Indian, and then he could dance. The Puritans, you know, never danced; they always went to church. Was n't it queer that they should come away across the Atlantic just so that they could go to church as much as they wanted to?"

"And when they went to church," said her father, "the church had no steeple, was built of logs, and mounted with cannon, and the men carried guns into it. For although they could go to

church, or to meeting as they called it, they had fear of savage



Going to Church a Dangerous Pleasure.

men about them, wilder than your cousin Ned. But you must not think of them as always going to church ; their church indeed was

like a home to them, which they loved and meant to protect ; and it was because they thought and cared so much about those things which are always to last, that they were so brave in planting the fields and building school-houses and towns, and beginning a great state. They cared for each other, too. I don't suppose John Winthrop ever sent Margaret any valentines, but he wrote her beautiful letters when he was away from her ; and when he came to this country, which he did eighteen months before she came, he reminded her that Monday and Friday of every week, at five o'clock in the afternoon, wherever each might be, they were to spend the time thinking of each other and praying for one another. When two people like John and Margaret loved each other so tenderly, and both loved God, you may be sure that there was happiness about them and many smiles and gentle words."

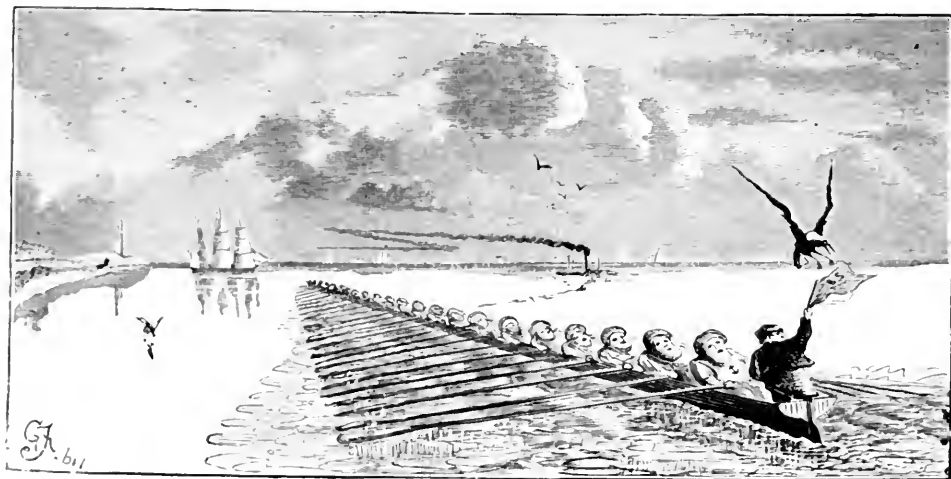
When her father spoke of valentines, Lucy looked cautiously at Cousin Ned, who looked back at her, as much as to say, " Don't you tell, Lucy, and I won't." But it put an idea into Phippy's head.

" Why, Nathan," said she, " I forgot all about it. To-morrow is Valentine's Day, and I never got one to send you. I meant to just as sure. I'll make one now. No, I won't. I'll buy one to-morrow. No, I won't. I tell you. I'll think of you at five o'clock in the afternoon, if you'll think of me ; that's the way John and Margaret did."

" I'd rather have had the valentine," said Nathan. Lucy could hardly keep still, and she would very likely at that moment have told her secret had not her mother just then sat down at the piano to play a Mother Goose melody as a signal for the children to make ready for bed.

" As this is St. Valentine's Eve," said she, " we'll sing Bobby Shafto ;" so they all gathered about her at the piano and sang the

song, and the music is set down here for the use of all who wish to sing it to the same tune.

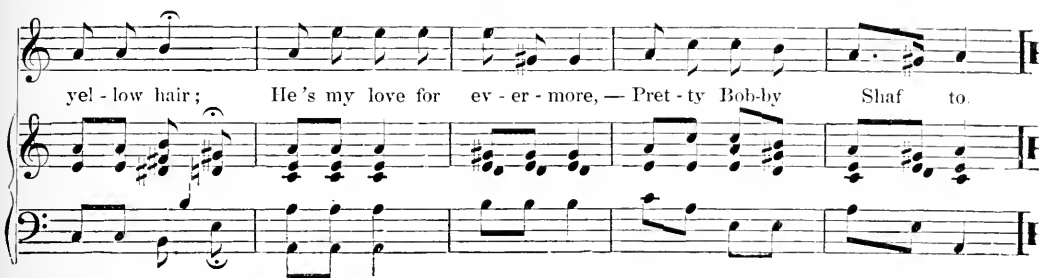


Bobby Shafto.

Allegretto.

Bob-by Shaf-to's gone to sea, Sil-ver buck-les on his knee; He'll come back and

mar-ry me, — Pret-ty Bob-by Shaf-to, Bob-by Shaf-to's fat and fair, Comb-ing down his



As the children went up-stairs singing the song in snatches, Lucy whispered to Ned :

“ You ’ll be sure, won’t you ? ”

“ Aye, aye,” said Ned.

And sure he was the next morning, for at breakfast time, while they were all talking merrily, a pattering of feet was heard outside in the entry and the quick thud, thud of a dog’s tail.

“ That ’s Nep,” said Phippy. “ He wants to come in,” and she jumped down and opened the door. Nep trotted in and went whisking about the room.

“ Oh, he ’s got a letter,” they all exclaimed.

“ It ’s a valentine, I know,” said Phippy ; “ give it to me, Nep.” But Nep, who held something in his mouth, went up to Nathan and wagged his tail. Nathan took the package from his mouth. It was covered with thick brown paper to keep it from being wet, but it was addressed to Nathan, and so the little boy opened it and disclosed another envelope inside addressed to

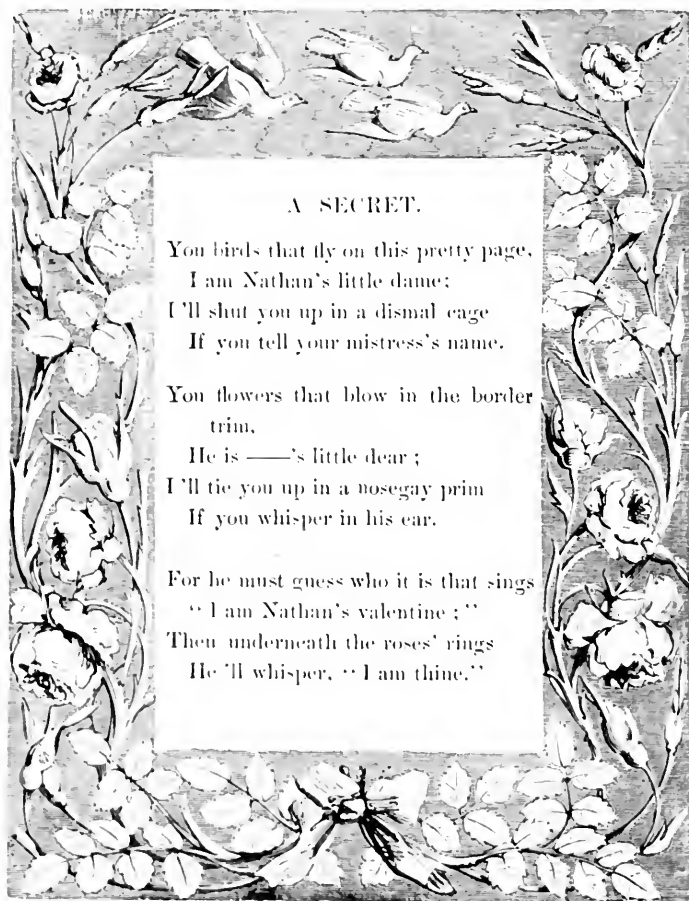
“ Nathan the Wise.”

“ That ’s for me, of course. Oo ! ” He had opened the envelope and taken out a prettily bordered valentine. “ Lucy sent it, I know,” said he. “ for it ’s Lucy’s printing,” and he jumped down and ran and hugged Lucy.

" Cousin Ned wrote it, but I copied it," said she.

" Oh, you should n't tell, Lucy," said Ned. " It 's a secret "

" Why, that 's just what it is," said Nathan, who had been reading his valentine, and now he read aloud to all Lucy's valentine : —



CHAPTER IV.

THE BODLEY PICTURE GALLERY.

THE great snow which had been falling so steadily lay on the land, but the sun came out in the sky and burnt warmly from morning till night, so that the snow melted before its power. It seemed at first as though it would be long weeks before all those great heaps of snow would be gone; and then it seemed as if they would be gone all too soon. At any rate the snow was soft and wet, and it was hard times under foot. It was not well for the children to play out-of-doors very much, but they played on the great barn floor, and they played in the sunny garret. One day they had a treat. They were taken to town to see Pattler's Cosmorama. That was a show which was visiting the city, and very fine it was. The children went into a room which was rather dark, and found themselves with many people, while Mr. Pattler, as they supposed him to be, went round amongst them all, talking in a loud voice.

"Walk up, ladies and gentlemen and children, and look through the lenses." The lenses were glass eyes in screens arranged around the room, and when one looked through an eye, he saw a great picture before him. There was a picture before each lens, and each lens was a magnifying glass; so that all the people were busy peeping through the eyes. When a person had looked at a picture pretty thoroughly he felt himself gently shoved, and knew that some one wanted to take his place; then he would move on to the next. It was rather a curious sight to see all the people stooping thus and getting a glimpse at the wonders on the other side, and it was impossible to go into the room, without wishing to peep; it

seemed as though each picture which one had not seen must be quite remarkable. Mr. Pattler moved about, talking and keeping his crowd always stirring.

“ Don’t half shut your eyes, ladies and gentlemen ; ’t ain’t necessary ; take a good square look. That’s the Destruction of Jerusalem. Terrible scenes there when Titus destroyed Jerusalem : over a million of men said to have been destroyed. You can see the mutilated folks rolling down the walls. That there’s Washington crossing the Delaware. You can see how erect the Father of his Country stood. He did n’t mind the ice one bit. He was going to cross the Delaware. That little boy can have a stool to stand on, ma’am ; you need n’t hold him, you’ll only strain yourself. Take a stool. All these crickets round the room are meant for the children. Then there’s Columbus balancing an egg. You see he’s just chipped the bottom of the egg a little. Don’t think much of the trick, but the picture’s a fine one. You can see how taken aback all those dons are, and the egg’s real natural. A St. Bernard Dog reseneing an Exhausted Traveler. That was painted from a real St. Bernard, and it’s a genuine portrait of the dog.”

“ The exhausted traveler looks a little like you,” said the person who was looking at the picture.

“ Well, it does, a little,” said Mr. Pattler. “ Faet is, I sat for that picture. The artist wanted to take me and the dog together, but the dog wa’n’t willing. He put a beard on me, so’s to get a good effect of snow on the hair, he said, but that rather destroyed the likeness ; but I see you know a good picture. Now that next one — move a little, bub, and let the gentleman see ; you’ve been there a good while ; you can come back again, you know : you can keep going round, no extra charge : now that one is the Peacock in

contact with an Iceberg; fine brig driving through the fog and brought up against an iceberg: awful accidents happen sometimes in such cases. The artist read a long description of it that was written by a passenger on the brig, and he painted the scene according; and one day I was sitting here, when a gentleman, just about your size, a leetle grain shorter perhaps, was looking through that lens, and he started back.

“ ‘Why,’ said he, ‘where did you get that picture?’ I told him. ‘Well,’ says he, ‘I was on board the Peacock, and I wrote an account of that scene. I’d like to buy that picture.’ But I would n’t sell it to him, and I don’t duplicate my pictures. But he signed a certificate saying that the picture was a correct one. You’ll find the certificate hanging up side of the lens.”

So Mr. Pattler went on, and Nathan, and Phippy, and Lucy, who stood on stools and peeped through the lenses, thought it a very wonderful show. Phippy turned it over in her lively head, and the next day she took Nathan aside into the little library, which led from the parlor, and was not much used.

“Nathan,” said she, “I’ve thought of something. You know the big portfolio of pictures? well, lets we have a cosmorama! We can’t have lenses very well, and I think they’re rather bothersome, but we can have a picture gallery, and we can have it right here. We’ll keep the door locked till it’s all ready, and we’ll charge a pin for admission.”

“That’s first-rate, Phippy,” said Nathan; “but how will you hang the pictures?”

“Oh, I’ve thought of that. We’ll stretch some cords across,—there are lots of little things to hang them on,—and then we can take some of the clothes-pins and pin the pictures to the lines, and

you can be Mr. Pattler, Nathan, and go round and describe them, and I'll sit at the door and take the pins."

The big portfolio was one in which all manner of castaway engravings were kept, and the children were always allowed to look at them; and they readily obtained permission to use the library for something very special, after they had once told their mother what that special thing was. Nathan printed "Positively No Admission," in large letters, and pinned it outside the door, and he and Phippy, every spare moment they had, were running to the library and locking themselves in. They teased everybody for pictures, and talked so mysteriously about the P. G., that when at length Nathan's sign appeared over the door, —

THE BODLEY PICTURE GALLERY :

and in smaller letters, "Admission One Pin," the entire Bodley family was as fully prepared for the show as the town had been by the advertisements in staring letters on the fences, "Pattler's Cosmorama is Coming."

"I have only one pin in the world," said Cousin Ned to Lucy. "Do you think I ought to give that up?"

"Why, what do you pin yourself with?" asked Lucy.

"Oh, I'm all buttons, and I only keep the pin for some extraordinary emergency. Aunt Sarah, what becomes of all the pins?"

"Ask Lucy. Lucy, can't you tell Cousin Ned what becomes of all the pins? Where they go to? Children, what becomes of the pins? You know."

"Oh yes," said Lucy. "I'll say it." So she stood in her little pinafore in front of Ned, and recited: —



PINS.

BY M. D. H.

CHILDREN! what becomes of the pins
That are put in the cushion each day?
They vanish away before evening comes,
Or you are half tired of play.

I will tell you a secret revealed to me,
As I lay dreaming one night,
By a queer little sprite who perched by my ear,
And showed me a curious sight.

Invisible elves who watch for the pins,
In each corner and crevice hide;
They seize those that fall, with joy and delight,
And mount on the pins astride.

They ride till they come to Fairy Land,
Where elves are waiting to take
The pins that are lost, and crooked, and bent,
And wonderful changes make.

They turn them to minims and musical notes,
Giving to each a sound!
Then away the elves fly to your music books,
Where melodies sweet are found.

Do you see the little black heads in a row
Where your music lesson begins?
Before they were carried to Fairy Land,
The notes were rows of pins!

The elves have secured them behind the bars
Arranged for piano or harp;
The broken and bent are now made flat,
The other pins still remain sharp!

Either by begging or borrowing, or by sacrificing his one pin, Ned pronounced himself prepared for admittance to the Bodley Picture Gallery; and with Mr. and Mrs. Bodley, Lucy, Martin, and the servants applied at the door where Phippy sat, with a little box in her lap in which to receive the pins of admission.

"No crooked pins received," said the little ticket-taker, decisively.

"Can you give me change for this?" asked Ned anxiously, presenting a rolling-pin which he had borrowed of the cook. "Or perhaps it will take in me and my family?"

"No," said Phippy, promptly, when they all laughed. "It's a counterfeit pin; it's made of wood, and I'll have you arrested if you try to pass it."

"Well then," said Ned, with a resigned air, "I suppose I must give up my last pin," and he drew forth a pin from under his waistcoat. Phippy eyed it suspiciously and threw it down to see if it would ring, as she said. She pronounced it genuine, and Ned like the rest was admitted to the picture-gallery. It looked like washing-day. Lines were stretched across the room, and all manner of pictures were hung from them by means of clothes nippers. Nathan was present with a long stick, with which he pointed out the excellences of the several works of art.

"What is that picture, sir?" asked Mr. Bodley, as he spied a great piece of brown paper, with some charcoal marks upon it.

"That, sir," said the showman, "is an original charcoal sketch by the celebrated artist, Mr. Edward G. Adams, representing the racer, Mr. Bottom, now in the possession of the Bodley Family. It is a very life-like portrait. The horse has his head a little on one side, to indicate that he is a weaver."

"He did it ever so quickly," spoke up Phippy, who having let in all the people, was eagerly running about to show the gallery.

"It looks a little pinched, and not so full fed as the original," said Mr. Bodley.

"Oh, that's because it is in the style of Herring," said the complacent artist.

"It's a perfect picture," said the showman; "we've been asked a very large sum for it. If you wish to write a certificate, sir, stating that it is a first rate picture, we will allow you to do so, and will hang the certificate under the picture."

"What does this represent?" asked Mr. Bodley, pointing to a picture of the inside of a meeting-house, where the people were all evidently in great fright, and an old man with long gray beard, and a sword raised over his head, was standing in a doorway.

"That," said Nathan, hesitating. "Phip, what is that? I've forgotten. There is n't any name on it.

"That's the Massacre of Something," said Phippy, ready for everything except to confess her ignorance. "That man is an awful man, though he looks so good, and he's drawn his sword, and mothers hold their babes closer, and soon he will smite them till not one shall be left."

"Is that in the Bible, mama?" asked Lucy, who was a little impressed by Phippy's tragic manner.

"I think Phippy made that up. We must ask your father, Lucy. I had quite forgotten that picture. It is one that he drew a good many years ago. Charles, I did n't know we had that drawing of yours. It is too good to be hidden in the portfolio."

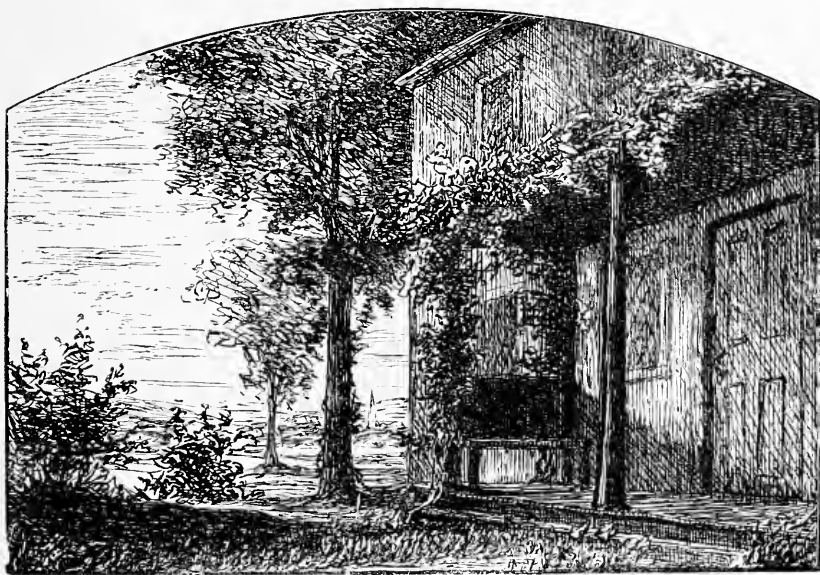
"I am afraid it does n't tell the story very well," said Mr. Bodley, "for Phippy has turned it quite round. When the show is over, I'll tell the story to the children."

"Oh, tell it now," said Nathan. "The gallery will be open for a week."

“ Yes,” said Phippy, “ and you have all seen your pin’s worth to-night,” and with that she hustled them out of the room and shut the door. It was rather unceremonious ; but then, the price of admission was certainly low. The children gathered about their father, as he proposed to tell them the story of the man with the long beard.

“ My story,” he began. “ is first of three men. You know when John and Margaret Winthrop, and others, came here and settled, it was because they did not like the way things were going on in England. After they left, there was still more change, and the friends whom they had left behind in England grew restless and uneasy, fearing that England was to be not only deprived of her liberty, but made to be obedient to the Romish Church. At length matters came to such a pass, that Parliament and the King came to blows. Parliament professed to be on the side of the people, and when the King was captured, that was Charles I., he was tried, condemned to death, and executed. Then came a period when England was called a commonwealth, and not a kingdom. just as Massachusetts is called a commonwealth, and Oliver Cromwell was Protector. The people here watched these changes in England with great interest, and felt that what they had accomplished in this country was done also at home in England ; but in reality a stubborn and unwise king had been killed, while the kingdom remained, and by and by the people swung back to many of the old ways, and the son of Charles the First came to the throne and was called Charles the Second. Now the people here had been careful not to say too much, and so when the new king was in power, they had not come into too great difficulty, and were left to go on as before, though they were watched a little more closely.

“There were some men in England who did not feel at all easy when Charles II. came to the throne; they were those who had acted as judges at the trial of the king’s father. The king called on these men to surrender themselves. Some did so, some tried to escape, and of these some failed, and others succeeded. Three who escaped came to this country, for they were sure of finding some



Colonel Dixwell's House.

friends, and they were so far away from the king, that they were less likely to be taken captive. They were John Dixwell, Edward Whalley, and his daughter’s husband, William Goffe. When they first came to the country, they were received with honor, for they had served with distinction in Cromwell’s army, and had many friends in the colony; Whalley, indeed, was Cromwell’s cousin. I think they did not all come over together. Colonel Dixwell was not

with the others all of the time. He lived chiefly in New Haven, where he went by the name of James Davids, in order not to attract attention, for it was known that he was in this country, and zealous friends of the king would not have hesitated to take him and send him back to England. He spent much of his time alone, or with a friend, a minister of New Haven, the Rev. Mr. Pierpont, to whom he told his secret. By and by he married, and a family grew up about him. Just before he died, in 1688, he told his real name, and then, when there was no more danger, and his children were proud of their father's fame, the name Davids was given up, and that of Dixwell resumed.

•• Whalley and Goffe had a more exciting time. While they were in Boston, they heard that ten of the judges had been tried in England, sentenced to death, and executed; and thinking they were not safe in so prominent a place, they left Boston and went to New Haven. Meanwhile, word had come from England to the Governor of Massachusetts, that they were to be arrested and brought back to England. Two young men, recently from England, thought it would be a feather in their cap to catch the judges; so they took the commission and set out for New Haven. The Governor of Connecticut, Governor Lute, lived in Guilford, and it was necessary first to see him and get papers authorizing them to arrest the judges in New Haven. They needed fresh horses, also, to take them on their journey. It was Saturday evening when they reached the Governor. He was secretly willing that the judges should escape, so he thought very slowly over the matter, and told the young men finally that he could do nothing about it that night, since Saturday night was the same as Sunday, and they must wait until Monday. Meanwhile word had been sent on to New Haven, and the judges were

warned of their danger. Mr. Davenport, the minister in New Haven, was their warm friend, and when he came into the pulpit Sunday morning, he gave out his text from Isaiah 16. verses 3. 4 : ‘Take counsel, execute judgment; make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon-day; hide the outcasts; bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine outcasts dwell with thee, Moab; be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.’ And then he preached such a sermon, that all the people understood clearly what was expected of them. So, when Monday came and brought the two young royalists with the power to arrest, everybody was on the alert. It is said that the judges were hidden under a bridge, which the two men crossed on their way to town.

“Goffe and Whalley said they did not wish to get their friends into trouble, and offered to surrender themselves, and the authorities in town, reluctant at first, were almost ready to consent to this; but Mr. Davenport stoutly stood up for their liberty, and finally the two royalists left town without finding them. They were hidden in the woods near the town, and then, to be more secure, found a hiding place under some great boulders on West Rock. They built a rude covering of boughs, and stayed here for three months, having their food brought to them by a friend. But that could not last always, and they went to Milford, where they were hidden for two years in the house of Mr. Tomkins, keeping so quiet that they did not even go into the orchard. It must have been tedious enough for them, but their danger was not over. In 1664, three commissioners were sent over by King Charles II. to bind the Colonies more closely to the king, and, among other duties, they were charged with that of bringing back the judges. It would have been harder now to evade this command, for there were more persons in the Colonies

who wished to have the king's favor, and then the three commissioners were men whom it would be dangerous to disobey. So it was thought best to find for the two a safer retreat, one further in the country, and it was finally agreed to hide them in Hadley, on the Connecticut River, in Connecticut, a hundred miles from Milford. They traveled only by night, to avoid discovery, and must have



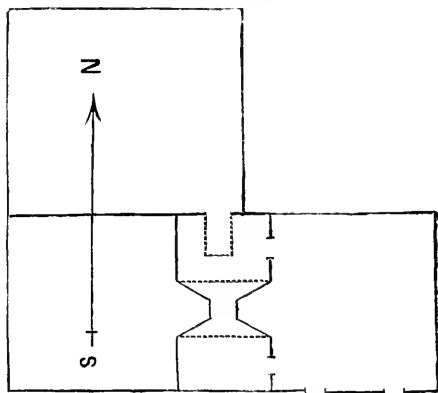
The Judges' Cave.

been a week nearly on the way, going through the almost trackless forest. Their resting places were called harbors, and the name which they gave to one of them, Pilgrim Harbor, near Meriden, is still so called.

" In Hadley they were concealed in the house of Rev. Mr. Russel, and here they lived for about fifteen years, their hiding place known only to a very few persons. I will draw for you a plan of

Mr. Russel's house, and you can see how it was arranged. It had two stories and a kitchen of one story. At the north end of the large chimney was a closet, leading from the judges's chamber, and in the floor was a trap-door by which, in case of sudden danger, they could let themselves down into a closet immediately below, and through that again into the cellar.

“Mr. Whalley was the older man, — you will recollect that Goffe married his daughter, — and



Plan of Upper Story of Mr. Russel's House.

the long confinement preyed on his health and spirits. But he lived nearly ten years in the upper chamber of Mr. Russel's house, when he died, leaving his companion alone, who spent five years more in solitude, dying about 1679. But about a year or so after Whalley's death, there happened something which was so strange to the people of Hadley, that I must tell it to you.

“You have heard of King Philip's War, when the Indians made one final effort to drive away the Englishmen, who they saw were fast making it impossible for them to live in the same country. Well, it was not so much the people in Boston and other towns who feared the attacks of the Indians as it was the farmers in the lonely cabins, and the little villages in the interior, away from soldiers and forts. The Indians, gliding through the forests, would suddenly and unexpectedly appear before this or that village, and without warning would fall upon the people, men, women, and children, with their fire-arms and their cruel tomahawks. It was the first day of

September, 1675, when the people of the little village of Hadley were all in the meeting-house, observing a fast day, and praying God that they might be delivered from the savages. Suddenly the alarm was given that a body of Indians had even now appeared and had surrounded the church. The men in the church were armed, as they always were, and they prepared to resist; but there were women and children there, and some too in the houses outside, and the Indians swarmed about, so that a great fear fell upon them that they were to be delivered into the hands of their enemies. All at once, no one knew how, when they were excited and divided in their minds, an old man with long flowing hair and gray beard, in quaint costume, appeared in the midst of them, sword in hand, and took command, without asking leave. He disposed the people, arranged the defence and attack, and at the head of the company drove away the Indians, and then, as suddenly as he had appeared, so suddenly he vanished. The people asked in wonder who it was, but nobody could tell. They could only say that God had sent his angel and delivered them from the hand of the enemy. It was only years afterward, when Mr. Russel was dead and Whalley and Goffe were dead, that it was understood that this old man was General Goffe, who had been a general in Cromwell's army, a judge of Charles the First, a refugee to America, and had been concealed for years in a chamber of Mr. Russel's house. It was this scene that I tried to picture as you saw."

"I did n't know it was coming out so," said Phippy, in admiration, for she dearly loved a story, but had quite forgotten what started this one. That was the end of the story, and as it was not quite time for the children to go to bed, they were allowed to get out their corn poppers and pop corn in the fire-place. It was many years after this story that "Alba" wrote this Little Folk Song:—

Pip, pop,
 Hip, hop,
 Tip, top,
 Pop corn !

Out of the pan
 Into the fire,
 Bursting and bouncing
 Higher and higher.



Popping Corn.

Out of the fire,
 Over the hearth,
 With burning of fingers,
 Scrambling, and mirth.

White as new snow,
 Yellow as gold,
 You 'd better be patient
 Till I am cold.

CHAPTER V.

WANDERERS.

It was not only when Pattler's Cosmorama was to be seen, that the children went to town. As winter wore away, and spring began



Chestnuts, Piping Hot.

to give promise of its coming, there seemed to be more to take them to town, perhaps because it was harder to find occupation in the country. At any rate, Mr. Bottom was kept busy trotting back and forth, and the carryall which followed him often carried all the children. They liked best to drive home by one of the less crowded streets, which passed the public common, and it was a never failing source of amusement to watch the various persons who stood in the broad walk and

plied their various trades. There was the blind man who sat inside of his cart and peddled oranges, apples, candy, and cigars. It

was a substantial cart, with glass windows to keep off the rain, and curtains all about, and the trader looked like a bust of a blind man, for his legs were dropped down under the cart, but at night time he could crawl out, shut up his shop, and trundle it away himself. Then there was the woman, who sold chestnuts to schoolboys, and roasted them right before their eyes. There was the man who weighed any one who would sit in the chair which he provided, and the man with a telescope, which looked as if it were to shoot some distant star, and the boot-blacks, who pitched coppers. Every one seemed to be at home there, and day after day the same groups would appear. The peddlers and show people were as regular as the shopkeepers, who opened their stores on the other side of the street from the common.

But one day, after they had left these familiar sights, they came upon a boy and girl at the corner of a street, whom they looked at eagerly. The street was crowded, and Martin had to stop the horse and wait patiently some time for the stream of wagons to pass, so that they had an opportunity to watch the faces, and even to catch a little of the music which came dolorously from the queer shaped organ, or hurdy-gurdy, which the boy was grinding, while the girl thumbed the tambourine. They played patiently and sadly, but did not get many pennies. People were hurrying by, and there were so many, that each one left it to his neighbor to give money.

"Do let me give a penny," said Lucy, feeling in her pocket for her little purse.

"And I, too," said Nathan. "I'd like to give one."

"Well," said their mother, "you can give your money to Gabriel, Lucy, and Nathan can give his to Evangeline."

"Why, how did you know their names?" asked Phippy in astonishment.

"Oh, I guessed. Let us see if they will not answer to them. Come here, Gabriel; come here, Eva," said she, and they stopped

their playing and came to the side of the carriage. "These little children want to give you something for playing so pleasantly." Gabriel took off his cap and smiled, and Eva held out her tambourine.

"Is your name Gabriel?" asked Phippy. The boy smiled and nodded, for Lucy put her coin into his cap.

"Why, mama, he says it is," said Phippy, and at that moment Martin started the horse, and Gabriel and Evangeline retreated to the sidewalk.



Peddling Music.

understood," said Mrs. Bodley; "only think how many miles they must have traveled. They look as if they had come from Italy, and had crossed the Atlantic. Poor children, this chilly March in the North must seem to them a poor exchange for their old home. I wonder if Columbus would not have turned about and left Amer-

"We will play he un-

ica undiscovered, if he had foreseen how many forlorn organ-grinders were to follow him in search of gold and happiness." She said this last to herself, for the children were busy talking about the boy and girl, and wondering how their mother could have guessed their names.

"Any way," said Phippy, "I think Evangeline is a lovely name. It's good enough for any one. I think I'll be called Evangeline; children, you may call me Evangeline for the present." Phippy was not over fond of her name Philippa, and had a way of putting it aside like a torn dress every now and then, and arraying herself in a new and more charming one. So after they reached home, Mrs. Bodley heard Phippy trying on her name. "Evangeline! where are you?" "Coming this moment, ma'am," Phippy would reply to herself, and it was not long before she had persuaded Nathan and Lucy to use the name. Cousin Ned was not so easily managed.

"Phippy," said he, "you are more like Queen Philippa than you are like that mournful and patient Acadian damsel. You would have whisked off with some one else long before you found Gabriel."

"No, I should n't," said she, stoutly, though she did not in the least know what her cousin was talking about. "I should always have been faithful to Gabriel, and we should have played together just as long as we could stand. I'd have danced, though," she added. "I'd like to shake a tambourine and make it jingle;" and seizing her cousin's hat, she tapped it on the crown, and went whirling round the room, holding it in the air.

"Ask your Cousin Ned to tell you the story of Evangeline," said her mother, who had come in and heard the last.

"No, Aunt Sarah, you tell it; and if you will, I will tell a little one afterward that I do not believe you ever heard."

“ Poh ! ” said Nathan. “ I don’t believe there ’s a story my mother never heard.”

“ Wait and see,” said Ned ; “ but let us hear about Phippy first. I mean about Evangeline.” So Mrs. Bodley began.

“ The story that your papa told you was of a time when the In-



An Old Block House built by the French.

dians were fighting against the English. A hundred years after King Philip’s War came our War for Independence ; but when the great generals of that war were young men they were still loyal subjects of England, and were helping the English to drive out the French who occupied parts of the country in the interior. The French and some of the Indians were friendly to each other, and all

along on the skirts of the Colonies forts had been built by the French, with the aid of Indians, and the English fought to get possession of them. These forts had strong block-houses, as they were called, which were made of solid chestnut logs. The lower part had no doors or windows on the outside ; the upper story projected, and through openings the men inside could fire down upon the enemy as he approached.

“There were hardy fighting men on both sides, and sharp contests followed for the possession of the forts. But there was one little country on the northeastern border where there were no forts ; the people who lived there were French by birth, yet for some time had been under English rule. They were a peaceable people, who had no liking for fighting, but tilled the ground, and had their flocks and herds, went to church, and had their merry-makings. The girls spun and wove ; the men were farmers and blacksmiths and fishermen. The country was called by them Acadie ; the English gave it the name Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. Although these people were French, they had no wish to fight against the English in the war which was going on ; though they were English subjects, they could not be made to fight against the French, and were called French neutrals, because they belonged to neither party in the war. But the English were suspicious of them. They imagined that they would join the French, and they determined to make that impossible. So one day a fleet of English vessels came to anchor in the beautiful Bay of Minas, around which the lands of these people lay, and proclamations were sent out in the king’s name for all the people to meet in their churches and hear an important message.

“Evangeline and Gabriel, of whom I promised to tell you, were Acadians, and were living near the bay at the time when the

English fleet sailed into the harbor. Evangeline was the daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré, in Acadie. The farmers had built great dikes to shut out the sea from the vast meadows that lay to the eastward, and had built substantial farm-houses, with thatched roofs and dormer windows. To be an owner of wide farms was to be a great man among the people, and Benedict was looked up to for his riches, and because he was a strong, handsome man of seventy, with brown cheeks and snowy hair. Evangeline was his only daughter, and his wife was dead; but his daughter was the pride of the village. 'When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.' There was one who always watched to see her pass, who saw her in church, and went to the old farmer's that he might sit by her side. That was brave Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith. Basil was Benedict's friend, so the two children had grown up together. Together they had played, together they had learned their letters, and many a time they had stood together before Basil's forge and watched the sparks fly as the blacksmith swung his hammer; they had roamed over the fields and down upon the sea-shore; and so as they grew older Evangeline would listen to no other suitor, and Gabriel cared to look at no other village maiden.

So it was that, according to the custom of France, the fathers agreed together that these two should be betrothed, and they planned together how the young people should live on in the village, and have some of the broad lands of the farmer and the gold of the smith. The young people were very happy in their hopes, and a merry-making was made in the village over the betrothal of Gabriel and Evangeline. All the villagers gathered for feast and dance, and the happy two were in the midst of many other happy men and maids.

Now it was on the very day when the festival was held that the people were to gather in the churches, according to the proclamation, and hear the message from the king of England. In the church-yard without waited the women, while within the men were gathered, and there also came the guards from the ships, who marched in to the sound of drums. The doors were shut, and the commander, standing before the men, announced the message which he bore. It was a terrible one, and fell upon their ears as a thunder-clap from a clear sky.

Their lands and houses and cattle were all taken possession of by the king, and they themselves were to be transported to other lands. Fierce anger for a moment took hold of them, but the soldiers were there, armed, and able to put down any resistance; and, stronger than the soldiers, the parish priest spoke to the people, and turned their anger into repentance and forgiveness. None the less was it a terrible grief which had befallen them. The news spread beyond the church, but the farmers were



Leaving Acadie.

The news spread beyond the church, but the farmers were

still kept imprisoned within. Then the women, and children, and old men, and sick, who had not gone into the churches, began sorrowfully to make ready for their departure. From the villages about, wagons, with household stuff, traveled to the shore of the bay, and the beautiful houses were emptied and deserted. Then, when all were gathered for embarking, the church doors were opened, and the men came forth, still guarded by the soldiers, and marched to the vessels. There, on the shore, they met again their families, and great was the lamentation and the confusion as



Evangeline.

preparations were made for embarking. Suddenly, in the midst of this, looking back, they saw a red light in the sky. It was the light from their burning houses. The English, to make sure that the country would not be reoccupied at once, set fire to the villages, and now the poor people were indeed desolate and oppressed. Old Benedict Bellefontaine, when he saw the red fire destroying his home and possessions was broken hearted and died on the beach, wept over by the people, and by his daughter Evangeline.

But where was Gabriel Lajeunesse? Alas! in the confusion and excitement of the embarkation, he had been carried off in one vessel, and Evangeline was not with him. So it was with many of the poor Acadians; fathers and mothers separated, children in one vessel, their parents in another, and the fleet sailed, bearing away the weeping multitude.

What became of them all? They were scattered over the country, wandering in companies to one place or another. Many found their way to the banks of the Mississippi, in southern Louisiana, and there a new Acadie was formed, and many households, reunited there, lived happily among the broad meadows of their new country. But there were others who did not know to what place their kinsfolk had gone. They spoke the French tongue where the language was unknown, and it was hard to roam from place to place, seeking their friends. Some never found their own; some died in the search; some gave up seeking, and tried to form a new home among strangers. But sad was the lot of poor Evangeline. One day to be betrothed to Gabriel, and then to be separated from him, where he could not protect her. Yet was she resolved to find him, and he equally was bent on finding her. She would hear rumors of his having been seen in this place or that, and there she would turn her face, only again to be disappointed. By and by, she was with a party of her countrymen, making their way slowly down the Ohio River. They had heard of the settlement on the banks of the Mississippi, and they pushed their way thither. Slowly they moved along the river, and at last into the broad stream, and then day by day passed down its current, until at length, as they rowed past a broad meadow, they saw a house, and heard a herdsman calling his cattle. They stopped here, and Evangeline and the priest, who was in the company, were walking toward the house, when suddenly they met the owner. It was Basil, the blacksmith, who had made his home here, with many of his old neighbors about him, and right heartily were the new-comers welcomed. For Evangeline there was wanted only one other good, and that could not be far away. — where was Gabriel? That one good was denied her; for only a

short time since, the young man, restless and longing for her, could no longer stay patiently at home, and his father had sent him on a journey into the wilderness. He must have passed them in his boat, perhaps, when they slept, or hidden from them by some of the numberless turns in the river, and new currents which were separated by strips of land from the great stream.

But Basil bade her take heart. They would on the morrow set off in search of him, and so now the fiddler was sent for, the same that had played so merrily at her betrothal, and young and old joined in a merry dance, while Evangeline looked on and wished they might be even now following in search of Gabriel. The next morning, with Basil, she set out in pursuit; they came quickly to the town whither Gabriel had been sent. Ah! he had left but the day before, to hunt among the Ozark Mountains. They pressed forward eagerly into the wilderness, and traveled with their guides, day after day. They knew not where to seek him in that wild country, but they heard of a mission among the Indians, and there they went. The priest heard Evangeline's tale. What could he say? Less than a week before, Gabriel had sat by his side, and told him the same sad story. He had gone far to the north, but in autumn he would return again. "Then let me stay here till he comes!" cried Evangeline, and Basil and his guides left her there, and returned home.

The summer went, the autumn went, the cold winter came, but still Gabriel came not. When the spring opened, the tidings came that far away in the Michigan forests Gabriel had his hunting lodge, and Evangeline with a new hope pressed forward, only to find the lodge when she reached it deserted. Still she sought him, wandering from place to place, day after day, month after month, year

after year. The bright young girl had left her youth behind; her hair turned to gray; her form was bent with sorrow; but still ever constant she sought her lost Gabriel. She did not spend her time in idle grief, but as she sought him, she helped the sick and the poor, moving from country to town and again into the woods, whenever the breath of rumor reached her and seemed to tell of Gabriel.

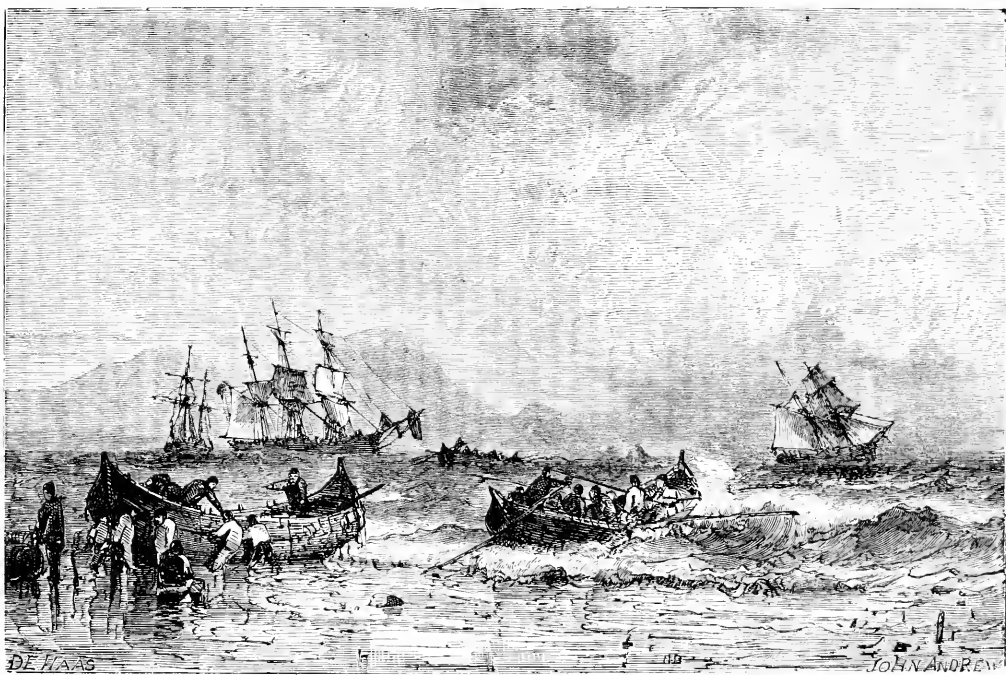
“So it came about that not finding Gabriel, she was a Sister of Mercy, and often was she seen in hospital, or by the sick bed in the poor man’s house. She no longer sought for Gabriel. She sought only how she might lessen some of the sorrow which was all about her. Deep in her heart she kept the image of the brave young Acadian, but never more did she think to see him in the world. She went wherever she was called, but she was called now by the sick and the dying. At night she would watch through the long hours, and all the day long she was ready for good works. Once, on a Sabbath, she went to the almshouse to care for the neglected there. In the chamber where the sick lay, eyes were turned gratefully toward her, and she looked upon one and another with her peaceful, quiet gaze. Suddenly her face changed, her lips trembled, her eyes looked fixedly before her. There on a bed lay a dying man, with weary frame, and tired face, but through all the changes of years, she saw again the brave young Gabriel, from whom so long before she had been torn in Acadie; she knelt by his side, she spoke his name gently. He turned, he knew her, he tried to speak her name but he could not; she laid his head upon her breast, and so these two were at last united. It was for a moment only, and then began a new but shorter separation, as they laid Gabriel in his grave, and Evangeline went on her blessed way of comforting the sorrowing.

“That was two hundred years ago nearly. You will find descendants of these Acadians in different parts of the country, and a few still live about the old home. Their story would be remembered by few had not our poet Longfellow told this story of Evangeline in long, waving lines of poetry which rise and fall like the moving of long branches in the wind. Some day I will read the poem to you, and then you will remember that and not my simple story.”

“Well, Aunt Sarah,” said Ned, “I think one sad story is enough for a day, and I mean to make mine end happily, and that I can do, because it did end happily. It did not happen so long ago, either. Indeed it was only a very short time since, but it was farther away than Nova Scotia. It was in Circassia, on the Black Sea. There the people were very brave mountaineers, and had fought for a long time courageously against the Russians: they fought with the most curious old weapons, with bows and arrows, and spears and swords: they wore shields and coats of mail, and altogether were very different from the soldiers who came out to fight them. But the soldiers were many, and they were few, and at last their brave chief was taken, and they were banished from their country. They could go, they were told, to Russia or to Turkey, but they must not go back to Circassia. A great many preferred to go to Turkey, because it was Russia that had fought against them, and Turkey welcomed the wanderers, lending ships to bring them to her shores.

“At Samsûn, on the Black Sea, was a great company of these Circassian exiles waiting to be transported. Among them was a man named Osman, his wife Dudu, and two children, Yusuf a boy, and Leila a girl. There was no real harbor at Samsûn, and the boats had to be pushed out over the surf to the vessels that were tossing on the waves in the offing. You can believe that there was great

confusion in getting out to the vessels, especially as a gale was rising and the sailors were anxious to get away. So it was that when all of Osman's family had been put into one of the boats, and Osman himself was following with his bundle, the boat was pushed off and Osman left behind. Still, he hoped that the boat into which he



The Circassians putting off

did get would put off to the same vessel; but no! to his dismay he saw the boat containing his wife and children making for one vessel, while that in which he was placed steered for another. He begged, he entreated the captain and sailors to carry him to where the others were; but they paid no heed to him, and then the vessels set sail;

and the one which carried Dudu, Yusuf, and Leila bore away for the Danube, while Osman's ship sailed farther away, past Constantinople, to Smyrna.

They were poor people, and Turkey is a large country; besides there are no such easy means of getting about or hearing news as with us, so both father and family could scarcely expect to see each other again. The mother and the children trudged on foot over the country, asking everywhere for Osman. They came finally to Adrianople, and there they stayed a long time, but no news was heard of Osman. "Perhaps he is in Constantinople," people said, for a good many Circassians were in that city, so the patient wife set out again with her children for the great city.

Osman, too, was restless until he could find Dudu and Yusuf and Leila. He had been carried to Smyrna to help found a colony there, but he stole away and began his search. Nowhere could he find his wife and children, for whom he searched wherever he found Circassians. At length he drew near to Constantinople, for there he had been told were many of his countrymen. The great city amazed him, and he was bewildered by the crowds that thronged it. He was jostled in the market place but it seemed to him, as if somewhere amongst all that multitude of men and women, must be those for whom he was searching. He was in the courtyard of the mosque Yeni Jami, when he caught sight of a woman bearing on her shoulder a little girl, while a boy walked beside her. They were going out from the court by the gate through which he had entered. He followed them, breathless with expectation. He touched the woman — she turned. Yes it was Dudu, and Leila and Yusuf were with her. They were just leaving the city on further search for him, for they despaired of finding him in Constantinople. And all this really happened."

“Phippy, why don’t you call yourself Dudu?” asked Nathan.

“Oh, I have n’t got through with Evangeline yet, and then Dudu sounds just like a little girl that can’t speak plainly. I think I like Evangeline best.” But her mother noticed that after she had heard the story, she did not say so much about the name. Perhaps she felt that it was hardly a name to play with. And it was Phippy, and not Lucy, who came to her shortly after at bed-time and asked,

“Please, mama, sing us ‘Golden Slumbers’ to night.”

“Why, Phippy, I used to sing that to you when you were a very little girl. Do you really want to hear it now?”

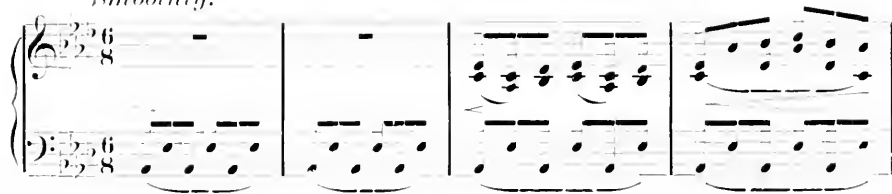
“Yes ’m. Perhaps I may never want to hear it again. You know I shall be nine years old to-morrow, and then I shall be in my teens, and of course I can’t expect to act like a very little girl.” So Mrs. Bodley sang “Golden Slumbers,” and here it is printed, music and all, as it might have been sung by Margaret Winthrop to her children, for the words and music are two hundred years and more old : —

Golden Slumbers kiss your Eyes.

A LULLABY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

Smoothly.

Tune of the Seventeenth Century.



1. Gold - en slum - bers
2. Care is heav - y,

f *p* *pp*

kiss your eyes, Smiles a - wake you when you rise;
there - fore sleep you, You are care, and care must keep you;

Sleep, pret-ty wan - tons, do not cry, And I will sing a

pp

This system contains the first three measures of the piece. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two flats. The piano accompaniment is in a grand staff with treble and bass clefs. The lyrics are 'Sleep, pret-ty wan - tons, do not cry, And I will sing a'. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The dynamic marking *pp* (pianissimo) is indicated at the start of the third measure.

lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,

mf *pp*

This system contains measures 4 through 6. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'lul - la - by, lul - la - by, lul - la - by,'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed above the vocal line in measure 5, and *pp* (pianissimo) is placed above the vocal line in measure 6. The piano part has a *mf* marking in measure 5 and a *pp* marking in measure 6.

lul - - la - by,

a tempo.

colla parte. *mf*

This system contains measures 7 through 9. The vocal line has a long note in measure 7, followed by a rest in measure 8, and then 'by,' in measure 9. The piano accompaniment continues. The tempo marking *a tempo.* is written above the piano part in measure 8. The instruction *colla parte.* is written above the piano part in measure 7, and the dynamic marking *mf* is placed above the piano part in measure 8.

f *p*

This system contains measures 10 through 12. The piano part begins with a forte (*f*) dynamic in measure 10, followed by a piano (*p*) dynamic in measure 11. The vocal line is silent in measures 10 and 11, and then has a final note in measure 12. The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand. The dynamic marking *f* is placed above the piano part in measure 10, and *p* is placed above the piano part in measure 11.

CHAPTER VI.

MOTHER GOOSE AND FRIENDS.

THE next day, as Phippy had said, was to be her birthday, and it is no secret that on the day when she was nine years old, and so in her teens, she was to have a birthday party. It was to be unlike any she had ever had, and as Cousin Ned was to go back to college the day after, it was generally understood that he was to share in the party. In fact he had been working hard in the barn with Martin for several days, making the party, as he declared; and Phippy, when she went out to see him always shut her eyes so as not to know too much of what he was doing. What she did see made her exceedingly curious.

It was necessary for Phippy to know a little of what was to be done, for she was herself to be made ready for the party. Her mother had sent out little cards of invitation to Phippy's friends, containing the words, "Mother Goose will be happy to see goslings at Phippy's birthday party, March the first," and word was passed round that every one was to come in a nursery character, and was to know the rhymes belonging to the character. The party was to signify that Phippy had at length come to an age when she must bid good-by to Mother Goose and other very childish things, and act as any other young lady in her teens. She was much perplexed in choosing the character which she was to take, but finally decided upon Mistress Mary, who was quite contrary; "for you see, mama," said she, "I am quite contrary, and if I do anything out of the way at the party, it will be all right. 'She is

Mistress Mary, quite contrary,' they will say; and besides, my garden will be the party, where pretty maids are all in a row.'

Lucy decided, with her mother's help, to be little Nanny Etticoat in a white petticoat, and she was dressed to look very tall and slim, with a paper cap in the shape of an extinguisher, which was hooked to her waist in such a way that everybody could see at once that she was a candle and candlestick all in one. The red nose which the rhyme requires was not insisted on, for her own bright hair was a great deal nearer the truth. Nathan took the character of Handy Spandy. Jack-a-dandy, for he was pretty sure no one else would be that, and it gave him so much to do, for —



Mistress Mary.

Handy Spandy, Jack-a-dandy
 Loved plum-cake and sugar-candy;
 He bought some at a grocer's shop
 And out he came hop, hop, hop.

He said it was necessary to practice his part a good deal, but his mother told him he was perfect in buying plum-cake and sugar-candy, so that he need only rehearse the hop, hop, hop. As for Ned, he said he would be nothing but a Thatcher of Thatchwood, and he provided himself with some straw for thatching, and nearly

drove the house wild with his efforts at learning, so as to say in a single breath, his lines: —

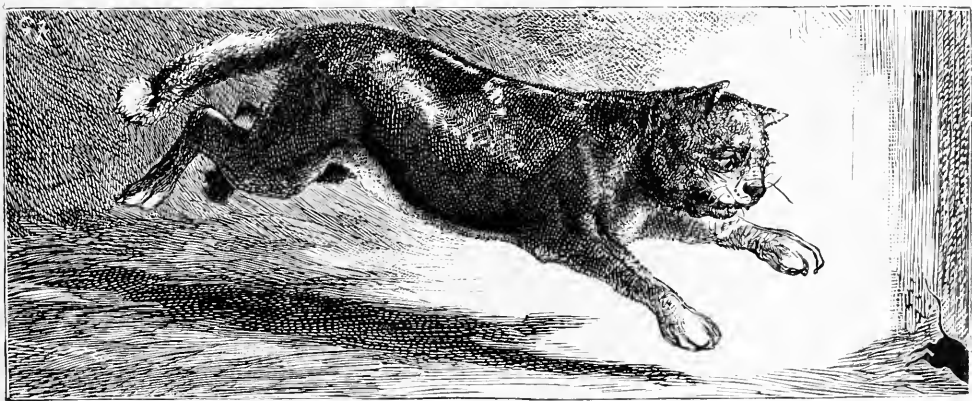
A thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching,
Did a thatcher of Thatchwood go to Thatchet a-thatching?
If a thatcher of Thatchwood went to Thatchet a-thatching,
Where 's the thatching the thatcher of Thatchwood has thatched?

He would ask the last question in an excited way, and then produce his thatching triumphantly. He printed a ticket with "Thatchwood to Thatchet: good for this day only" on it, and provided two sign-boards with hands on them, one saying, "Ten miles to Thatchet;" and the other on the other side of the room, "Fifteen miles to Thatchwood," because as he said it was up-hill going home.

All this was in preparation for the afternoon, when the party was to be held. There was great discussion as to what was to be had for supper, as people might come with very peculiar tastes. The Man from the South, if he came, must not be tempted with cold plum-porridge; a very special point was made against having an apple-pie, when it was remembered what a lively interest was taken in it by all the letters of the alphabet; and it was voted that if they had pease-pudding it should be in all styles for all kinds of tastes, hot, cold, and nine days old.

Then the goslings and little ganders began to come, and as many of them brought their suits with them, it took considerable time to get all the friends of Mother Goose together, and much hard guessing was needed to tell who many of them were. Bobby Shafto was easily discovered by his sailor rig and his silver buckles at his knee. The part was chosen by a little boy mainly because he had yellow

hair. Little Jack Horner, too, had an easy part, although it was not long before he found staying in a corner rather dull business. Simple Simon and the Pieman were two brothers, who were perpetually meeting in the middle of the room and going through their little drama. Simon would stop the Pieman as if he had never seen him before, and ask to taste his ware, and the Pieman looking suspiciously at Simon would call for his penny, when Simon with great surprise would declare that he had not any; he never had any penny. Two other boys were little Johnny Green and big Johnny



"She caught the Mice in Papa's Barn."

Stout. Johnny Stout was a policeman who led little Johnny Green along, every once in a while ringing a little bell and answering the question, which some one was sure to ask.—Who put her in? Bessy Bell and Mary Gray were two inseparable friends, who were dressed for their names, Bessy having little tinkling bells over her frock, and Mary, as a little servant girl, all in gray. Johnny Pringle and Tommy Tucker were both there, and Little Bopeep with her

crook, besides many others, some of whom were so afraid of not being recognized, like George Brown, Esq., of Dover, that they had their names carefully printed on labels.

Mrs. Bodley was Mother Goose, and in an old fashioned dress and cap looked grandmotherly enough. She knew that the children could not carry out this play very long without getting tired of it, so she asked the Thatcher of Thatchwood if he would not go to Thatchet for her, — Thatchet being supposed to be the other parlor, the folding-doors to which were closed. The Thatcher seemed to understand, and called Johnny Pringle to go with him. The children began to wonder what was to be done, for they heard whispering and moving about in the other room. Presently Mother Goose sat down at the piano, and told the children they might listen to her and look toward the folding-doors, but they were not to go in when the doors were opened. She played a few bars, and then sang slowly and distinctly, —

When I was a little man I lived by myself;
All the bread and cheese I got, I put upon a shelf.

When she had sung this twice the doors were opened, and there stood a chimney with a little fire in it, and Johnny Pringle upon a bench, looking very sad and apparently asleep. A ladder stood against the chimney, and a rat could be seen half way up, while rats and mice were on the shelf by the bread and cheese. Some of the little children gave little screams, thinking the mice and rats alive; but the more knowing ones showed that they did not stir, which they certainly would if they were real, and not made of cotton wool and black cloth. In the chimney place, upon the painted

brick side, there was a figure of a little girl, which, seen through the smoke, really looked like a little girl, and it was plain that Johnny Pringle was dreaming of it, for did not his mouth twitch? He would surely have burst into a laugh, if the Thatcher and Mr. Bodley, who were behind the folding-doors, had not at this moment shut the doors, and the children all broke out into laughter and talk. Was it a real chimney? Did the fire really burn? Was that a real little girl in the fire-place? How were the rats made? Was there to be any more?

Mother Goose herself had to go out to arrange the next tableau, and presently she came to the door and called:—

“Bessie Bell and Mary Gray,” and the two girls ran out, wondering what was to happen. Then Nanny Etticoat was called for, and Bopeep and Big Johnny Stout, Miss Jane, little Miss Muffet, little Poll Parrot, and several others, who disappeared from the parlor and were heard whispering very loud in the other room. It took some time to arrange the next scene, and the children grew rather impatient, but at length Mother Goose returned and took her place



The Little Bachelor.

at the piano, where she played a little and then sang, slowly and clearly as before, twice over, —

The rats and the mice they led me such a life
I was forced to go to London to buy me a wife.

When she had sung it the second time, the doors opened and there was seen a platform upon which were the little girls from



The Wife Auction.

whom Johnny Pringle was to choose his wife. Big Johnny Stout, with his coat off, was walking up and down, saying in a loud voice:

“Here they are, sir. A fine supply of wives; all kinds and styles, sir. Walk up and take your choice, sir; cheap for cash, sir. Better be quick, or they’ll all be gone soon. Warranted to wear

well, if properly taken care of. A fresh lot just in, sir." At this moment Johnny Pringle came running in.

"Good morning, sir," said he. "I want to buy a wife. Can you recommend one?"

"Yes, sir. Here they are, sir; take your choice, sir; cheap for cash, sir." Johnny looked anxiously about.

"I think I'll take this one, sir," said he, pointing to Mary Gray.

"Very well, sir; Bessie Bell will feel badly to be separated from her, but that can't be helped. Shall I do her up and send her home?"

"No, indeed," said Johnny. "I'll call for her myself. Just have her bandboxes ready." Thereupon Mother Goose played loudly upon the piano, the doors closed, and presently all the children came rushing out,—all except Bessie Bell and Mary Gray. Everyone knew the rest of the story, and were on tiptoe to see the catastrophe. It did not take so very long to arrange the next scene, and when Mother Goose came back, and sat down at the piano, the children were all reciting the verses.

"Come," said she, "you know the tune by this time; you can all sing with me." So they sang or shouted with her, —

The streets were so broad, and the lanes were so narrow,
I was forced to bring my wife home in a wheelbarrow.

Twice they sang this, and then, when the folding-doors were opened, they discovered Johnny Pringle with his wheelbarrow, wheeling Mary Gray home. She sat on her boxes, her umbrella was in the corner, and she looked entirely contented with her position; she even had a little pussy cat in the wheelbarrow with her. She was no doubt a prudent little housekeeper, and having

heard from Johnny Pringle what trouble he had in keeping his house free from rats and mice, she was making ready to have a grand house-cleaning, and puss was to share in it. Bessy Bell was in the doorway, crying at the departure of her dear Mary Gray.



“Why doesn’t the wheelbarrow tip up?” the children cried. But the doors were closed, and Mother Goose was playing a rattling piece which made her hands fly over the piano keys, and soon she sang, in a loud, excited way, —

The wheelbarrow broke, and my wife had a fall,
And down came wheelbarrow, wife, and all.
And down came wheelbarrow, wife, and all.



A tumble was heard, the doors flew open, and there lay poor Mary Gray, the little wife of the story, among her boxes and bundles; puss was scampering across the floor; while little Johnny Pringle, with his handkerchief to his eyes, sat by his broken wheelbarrow, and

it was hard to say whether he was crying for that or for Mary Gray's fall. Bessie Bell was not far off, and she was wringing her hands and just starting to run to Mary Gray's help. This was the last scene, except that when the children had all come into the other room, the folding-doors were opened again, and there lay the broken wheelbarrow all by itself.

All these scenes had been prepared beforehand by Cousin Ned, but the children had known nothing of them, and those who acted as well as those who looked on were just as much surprised. Then Ned, who, as the Thatcher of Thatchwood, had planned everything with Mother Goose, closed the folding-doors, and there followed a series of little scenes from the Nursery Rhymes. Little Miss Muffet ate her bowl of whey, while a prodigious pasteboard spider was dangling beside her. She did not discover it at first, but when she did, she gave a little start and scream, and ran away, while the spider scampered after her. Little Bopeep with her crook went up and down looking for her sheep, and finally found their tails hanging in a row on a tree, and was the picture of woe at the dis-



Little Bopeep.

covery. Little Boy Blue, with his horn beside him, was fast asleep,



Fast Asleep

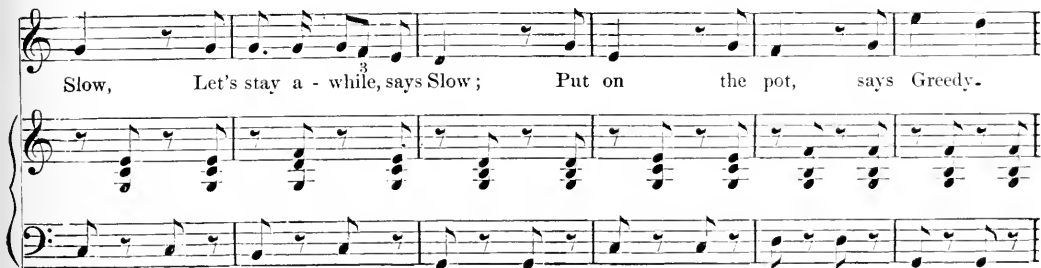
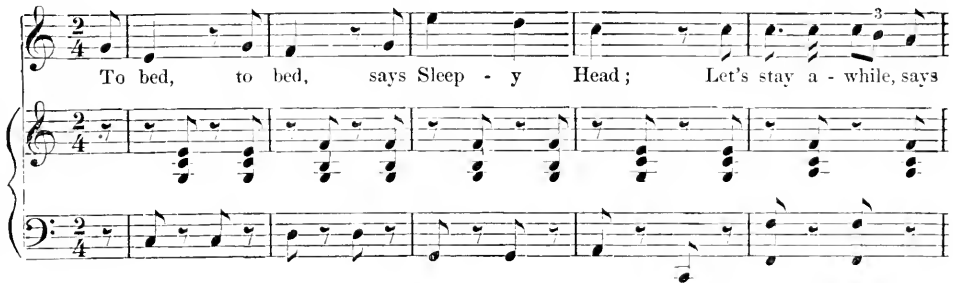
and under a real hay-cock too, for the Thatcher had supplied himself with some hay from the barn and had made a fine pile for the little fellow to sleep on. Finally Tweedledum and Tweedledee, looking as like as two peas, were seen quarreling over a prodigious rattle.

The children by turns took part in the tableaux, so that every one was in the best of humor, and they had played so hard, and worked too, for

that matter, that they were ready enough for supper. It was an afternoon party, and as soon as supper was over, the carryalls began to come for the children. So before they should all go, Mother Goose sat down at the piano, and for a good-by song they all sang : —



“To Bed, to Bed, says Sleepy Head.”



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Sot, We'll sup be - fore we go. We'll sup be - fore we go.

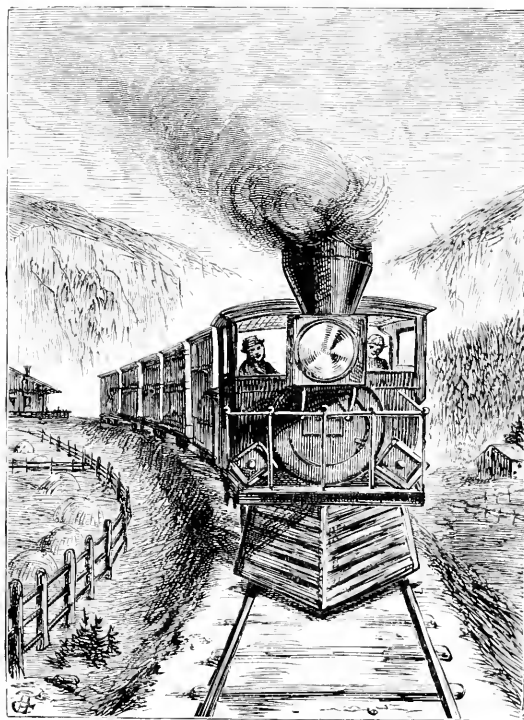
The musical score is written for voice and piano. The vocal line is in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in 3/4 time. The vocal melody consists of two phrases: "Sot, We'll sup be - fore we go." and "We'll sup be - fore we go." The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. The score is divided into two systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs) for the piano and a single staff for the voice.

CHAPTER VII.

HISTORIC BUILDINGS.

COUSIN Ned's vacation was over, and on the day after Phippy's birthday party he set out for college. His college was two hundred miles or so away, among the mountains at the other end of the State, beyond Thatchet some distance, he said, and his train was to leave about noon. The children begged to go to town to see him off, so it was arranged that Martin should drive them in with their cousin to the station, and that their father should meet them, and take Ned's place in the carryall.

"Good-by, Aunt Sarah," said that young gentleman, as he climbed into the carryall; "I will leave the children in your care. But I hope when I come back to find that they have learned those touching verses that every person of refinement should carry in his mind, —



The Train taking Ned beyond Thatchet.

A thatcher of Thatchwood went," —

"Drive on, Martin, drive on," said Mrs. Bodley, stopping her ears, and Martin drove on, but presently stopped, while Ned gesticulated urgently to his aunt, who came down the steps on to the gravel road.

"To Thatchet a-thatching," —

explained the rogue, and then he told Martin to drive on.

At the station was Mr. Bodley, who had come to bid Ned good-by and bring him a little money for his journey. There was not much time before the train left, and the children waited until it rolled out of the station, while Ned stood on the rear platform and waved his handkerchief.

"I wish we had not to go straight home," said Nathan. "Why can't we go round by our old house?"

"Very well," said his father. "You may drive round by the old house, Martin." The children a year before had been living in the city, and every once in a while they had a good deal to say about their life there. Nathan felt quite like an old inhabitant as he sat by Martin's side, and pointed out the various objects of interest.

"There, Martin, you can just see the freight depot, down there. There are lots of pigeons in there. Charley Bowdlear used to trap them. That's where I came near being run over once. A milk-cart just grazed my heel. It was a very narrow escape."

"Did you ever trap blue jays?" asked Martin.

"No: what are they? I don't see how a J can be blue."

"Well, they are. It's a bird that's plenty round where I lived. Hen and I have trapped 'em many a time. They're arrant little thieves, and you catch 'em in a box-trap with a little corn."

"What do you do with them?" said Nathan.



TRAPPING BLUE JAYS.

"Oh, Hen an' I'd keep 'em a little while, and then we'd let 'em go. We only caught 'em for the fun of catching 'em."

"Nathan, Nathan!" cried Phippy. "Look! there is old Ma'am Batterman."

"Why, so it is. She's got her old black hat on. She's awfully cross, Martin. She used to live right next to us, and some water leaked in from our house and wet hers, and she came round and scolded papa. Why, here we are at our old house. Father! why, what's happened? It's full of blinds and doors, and there's a sign up over it."

"It's a shop for making and selling doors and blinds, Nathan. They buy second hand ones there too."

"What! our house? Why, are n't we ever going back there to live?"

"No. Do you want to leave Roseland?"

"No-o; I like living there best." But it was plain that Nathan did not relish having the house transformed in that style.

"Only think," said Phippy, "blinds and doors in our best parlor! It's awful."

"Houses change a good deal in a city like this, Phippy," said her father. "There are not a great many houses a hundred years old, and only one or two which were built in sixteen hundred and something. Martin, drive round by Faneuil Hall, so that we can see the oldest house in Boston. That, I believe, was built in 1680. It is used for a shop now, but when you see it, you can fancy how a good many houses used to look here." They drove through narrow streets, and came out finally by the famous Faneuil Hall. Near by was the old low-studded house, and when the children saw it, with its upper stories projecting over the lower, they were curious but rather disappointed.

"I should n't like to live there," said Nathan. "I think our house is better."

"It was not a grand house," said his father, "but better than a good many people had, and



The Oldest House.

it was well built, for see how it has lasted all this time. I hardly think that our house will be standing nearly two hundred years from now. I'll show you how one of the grander houses looked. Martin, you may drive round by the State House and down Beacon Street a little way, to the old stone house that stands back from the road."

The children could not talk very much as they went through the noisy streets, and Martin had to pay close attention to Mr. Bottom, but before long they had come upon Beacon Hill, where it was quieter.

"Papa," Nathan asked, "why do they call this Beacon Hill? Did a beacon live here once?"

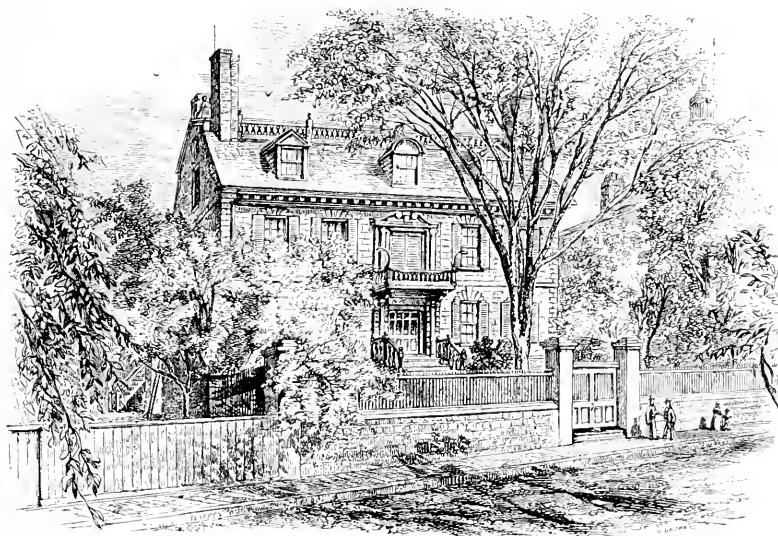
"A beacon?"

"Why yes, like Beacon Thayer."

"Deacon Thayer, that is, Thamy. A beacon is another thing. Did you never hear of a beacon?"

"Oh, I have," said Phippy. "You burn a great tar-barrel on the hill, and all the people round in the country see it, and they flock together and cry, 'To arms! To arms, my countrymen!' I've read about it in a book."

“Well, that’s not very far out of the way. There used to be a beacon on this hill, long before the State House was here. It was a little back of where the State House is, which was then the top of the hill, but the hill has since been shaved down. The beacon was a great mast planted in the ground with spokes set in it at regular distances on one side and another, so that a man could climb by



Hancock's House

means of them to the top. At the top was a tar-barrel, ready to be lighted on the approach of an enemy, so that notice could be given to all the country about. The first one was raised when John Winthrop was living, and there was one that stood all through the Revolutionary War. That was blown down in 1789, and the next year a monument was built on the spot to the memory of those who fell at Bunker Hill; but that was taken down twenty years or so afterward. Here we are now at the Hancock House. This is

one of the larger and finer houses, of which there were a good many at one time. See, there is quite a piece of ground in front of it, and a long walk to the front door. When Governor Hancock was living here at the beginning of the Revolutionary War, there were no houses where the State House and the buildings here next to Hancock's house stand; and that ground was his pasture land, and he had stables and gardens and orchards all about his great house. Inside are large rooms with deep window-seats, and a broad staircase leads to the second story. Hancock was rich, and he was made much of by the patriots, and was President of the Continental Congress, and afterward Governor of Massachusetts. He gave great dinners and parties in this old house, and I rather think he liked that part of an American patriot."

As they drove home that afternoon they passed the corner of Washington and Essex streets, and Mr. Bodley bade the children look up at the face of a new building just finished, and see if they could make out anything.

"I see it," said Lucy. "It's a stone tree, and there are some letters, but I can't quite see what they are."

"It says 'Liberty, 1766,' near the top of the tree, and 'Law and Order' at the roots."

"Sons of Liberty, 1766. Independence of our Country, 1776," Nathan spelled out slowly.

"What does it mean, papa?"

"That tablet is let into the face of the building to remind people that, where the building stands, once stood the famous Liberty Tree. There was an open square called Hanover Square, just where we were, shaded by fine elm-trees, such as we still see near our house. One of the greatest of these bore the

name of Liberty Tree. Before the Revolution, when people were restless and all the while on the lookout lest England should do some unjust thing and take away the rights of the Colony, there was an association called the Sons of Liberty, a half-secret society, that used to hold meetings, and when they had processions would start from this tree. A flag-staff was thrust up through the branches, and a flag hung from it as a signal; and in those days, when the people disliked one of the government officers or some prominent Tory, they would hang from the branches of the tree a stuffed image of the man, so that he might know that they were nearly ready to hang him.



Whenever there was anything of public interest, people would gather under the tree and discuss it and hear speeches; it was an out-of-doors Faneuil Hall. During the Siege of Boston, in 1776, the British and Tories, who hated the Sons of Liberty, hated the tree also, and a party of them got round it with axes and cut it down, and then danced about it and hooted. The old tree was gone, but when the people came back to the town, after the British had left, they raised a flag-staff on the stump of the tree, and that remained for some time. But when liberty was won, it was no longer necessary to have any band of Sons of Liberty, and so Liberty Tree, though not forgotten, ceased at length to be a rallying place."

The street which led to Roseland, where the Bodleys lived, was shaded part of the way by fine elm-trees, and just where two or

three large ones overhung the road was a stone house standing back from the street. Nathan called Martin's attention to it, as they drove past.

"You see that old stone house, Martin, I suppose, there on the left?"

"Well, Nathan, if I shut one eye, I think I can see it."

"That 's where the great General Warren was born. Papa, who was the great General Warren?"

"He was not a great General, Nathan, at least he had no opportunity to show that he was a great general, for he only fought in one battle, that of Bunker Hill, and he was killed there. He was not born in this stone house, but in an old wooden one which once stood on the same spot, and part of the old house I believe is built into this. But if he did not have a chance to show himself a great general, he proved himself to be a brave man, and that a great general must first be. Did you ever hear of his brave speech in the Old South?"

"I thought people were brave who did something, papa?"

"So they are, but sometimes it takes courage to say a true thing. Warren's brave speech was given March 6, 1775, a little before the battle of Concord and Lexington. We celebrate the Fourth of July, because that is the day when independence of the Colonies was declared; but until then the people in Boston celebrated March 5th, for that was the day of the Boston Massacre in 1770, when some British soldiers fired upon a party of citizens in the streets of Boston and killed some and wounded others. The people were terribly enraged at this little massacre: it was the first blood shed in what was to be a contest for independence, and they never forgot it, nor ceased to keep it in remembrance, until great battles and

more terrible attacks had made the Boston Massacre seem a little thing. In 1775 the 5th of March fell on a Sunday, so they meant to celebrate the anniversary on Monday, by an oration to the people, as they had done for four years previously. Five years had brought the Revolution nearer, and every one felt that peace could not much longer be kept. The British officers were not ready to forbid the gathering, for they did not wish to bring about a conflict, and they knew that the people would be so angry that there might be violence. But they gave out word that any one who delivered the oration did it at his peril, and would be watched. If he spoke against the British king, he would be liable to be arrested. Now whoever gave the oration must needs say a great many things that would be unpleasant for the British officers to hear, and Joseph Warren asked that he might be the one to give the oration. He had given it once before in time of peril, and now he was still more eager to show the British that there was one man who dared to stand up before the people and them, and tell the truth.

“The towns-people came together in Faneuil Hall on Monday morning, and from all the country about people had flocked in to Boston. Faneuil Hall was not as large as it now is, and it became very plain that it would not hold all the people who wished to hear Warren. Samuel Adams was the president of the meeting, and he was a great friend of Warren. The people voted that Faneuil Hall was not large enough and that they would hold their meeting in the Old South Church, which was the largest public building in the city. John Hancock and two others were appointed to tell Joseph Warren, who was a doctor, that the people would be ready to hear his oration at half-past eleven o'clock. The people themselves began long before the hour to crowd the old church. Besides the people, there

were soldiers there ; forty British soldiers occupied the front seats and the pulpit stairs, brilliant with their scarlet coats, where all could see them. The pulpit was draped with black, and Adams, Hancock, and others sat there waiting for the orator. You have seen the pulpit and remember the great sounding board that hangs above it. Every one was in excitement and very little was needed to set the meeting in a blaze. The British wanted to break up the assembly, but without violence, and so one of the non-commissioned officers, an ensign, proposed to throw a rotten egg at Warren, when he should appear in the pulpit, thinking that in the uproar and confusion that followed the people would be so disturbed that the oration would not be given. The plan was not tried, for the fellow who had the egg unfortunately dropped it on the pavement on the way, and it was as hard to pick up as most dropped eggs are.

“ They waited and waited, and finally the orator drove up and alighted at the door of an apothecary shop near by. There he went in and put on the academic robe which orators were accustomed to wear. The church was now jammed so full, that it would be almost impossible for him to make his way to the pulpit through the crowd, and it was pretty certain, too, that he would be roughly handled before he got there. So a ladder was placed against the building by a window back of the pulpit, and up that he climbed, entered the house, and stood facing the people.

“ Then his oration began, and he spoke plainly and in a straightforward way of the wrongs which the Colony had suffered at the hands of the English. It was a speech listened to eagerly by the patriots, but the officers and Tories did not like it at all. At one point, where he was speaking severely of England, an officer who sat just under the pulpit held up his open hand, and showed some bullets.

It was a significant gesture ; that was the answer, it seemed to say, that England would make to Warren's speech. Warren saw it, dropped his white handkerchief carelessly upon the uplifted hand, and went on with his speech. Very few saw the act, but the officer understood it; for Warren seemed to say: 'I see your bullets; they do not dismay me; see, I cover them up.' There was no outbreak that day. The people went home to talk over the oration, and it was not long before the real fighting began. Warren was a young man; he was only about thirty-three years old at this time, but everybody expected great things of him, and they mourned greatly when he was killed at Bunker Hill."



Joseph Warren.

By the time Mr Bodley had finished his story of Joseph Warren, they had driven into the gate and up the avenue. Nep the dog came bounding down to meet them, and they hurried out of the

carryall. Driving in the carryall was pleasant, but after all there was nothing quite so good as a scamper on the ground and through the woodshed and barn.

CHAPTER VIII.

SPEAKING A PIECE.

AT the school where the children went there was a good, old-fashioned custom, by which they were required to commit much to memory; not only did they learn poetry and verses, but the boys learnt pieces which they declaimed. Once a week some of them would stand on the platform at the end of the room, in turn, make their bows and deliver their orations. Nathan was very fond of this exercise. There were two things which he liked to do, probably because he did them both well. He liked to print and he liked to speak pieces. He had begun to print the Book of Hebrews. Why he chose that no one knew, but he spent a great deal of time over it, and he printed with his pen very well. This was not a school exercise, though he was allowed sometimes to work on his printing at school. To print well with the pen is a most excellent accomplishment, and it goes far to make one a good writer as well.

In speaking pieces Nathan was allowed to choose out of his Speaker, if he would first show what he had chosen to his teacher, and when he had learnt his piece he practiced it by himself in a loft over the woodshed, where were a few tools and some odds and ends

of furniture. Nathan, as he grew older, began to use this as a sort of workshop and museum. Here he kept his treasures, his butterflies and birds-nests, and here too he was allowed to do a little carpentering. With Martin's help he had built a little platform at the end of the room, and he had arranged a few crippled chairs in front of it. Here he would speak his pieces, sometimes with Phippy and Lucy and their dolls for auditors, sometimes with nothing but the patient, broken-down chairs. He had found the word *Oratory* in one of his books, so he announced to the family that he had named this room the *Oratory*, and his father and mother waited for him to grow older before they told him just what *Oratory* meant; they were content that he should work and practice in his *Oratory* as grave men before him had done in theirs.

Nathan had found in his *Speaker* a speech of Patrick Henry, in the Convention of Delegates of Virginia, March, 1775. It begins: "Mr. President, it is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope," and he was not the first school-boy who had learnt and spoken that eloquent and fiery appeal. After hearing about Joseph Warren and his oration, he was quite excited by the idea of speaking a piece which was delivered in Richmond the same month of the same year that Warren's was delivered in Boston.

"Not only so," said his father, "but as Warren's speech was in the Old South Church in Boston, so Patrick Henry's was in St. John's Church in Richmond, a famous old church in which great speeches were given just before the Revolution."

Nathan learnt his piece carefully and rehearsed it often both before the chairs and before the other children. When the day came for him to speak in school, his father said:

"I think I will go with you to school to-day, and hear your

piece." Nathan was exceedingly surprised, but very much pleased. Saturday mornings there were no recitations, but the time was taken up with singing and other exercises, with compositions, and with the speaking of pieces. The teacher was glad to see Mr. Bod-



St. John's Church, Richmond.

ley, and indeed seemed to expect him. Mr. Bodley joined in the singing and every once in a while after a composition or piece, he would ask some question or tell some little story, so that the children became very wide awake. It was Nathan's turn finally. He

went up to the platform, made his bow, and spoke his piece with great animation, ending with the famous cry, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, — give me liberty, or give me death!" He became so excited by this time that when he ended he was all in a tremble, and ready to cry. Some of the children clapped, they liked his piece so much, and Mr. Bodley smiled and looked very much pleased. There was a pause, and the children wondered if he was not to say something about this piece, as he had about the others. Yes, he evidently was to say something. He stood up and said: —

"Children, Nathan told me that he was to speak Patrick Henry's piece, and I asked your teacher if I might come and hear it and tell you something about Patrick Henry. Your teacher was good enough to say I might, and since I came, I have heard so many pleasant things, that I could not help speaking to you now and then about them, but if you will listen patiently, I will speak a little longer this time, and tell you something about Patrick Henry.

"I suppose there has been no one in our country who has had such a power over people by speaking to them on great matters, and yet Patrick was not a boy who stood on a chair as soon as he had found his legs, and wanted to speak pieces all the time. He was born in Virginia, in 1736, and was an idle boy who disliked school, and never was so happy as when wandering away by himself through the woods and by the streams in Virginia, gun or rod in hand. His school friends and his parents could not make out where he went or what he did with himself, and they followed and watched him, but the only discovery that they could make was that he did nothing but ramble over the country. What the lad was thinking about no one knew; but I am glad that we know how passionately

fond he was of being out-of-doors; that woods and fields and streams were his native place; and that he could be quite content to be alone in that beautiful world where God had permitted him to live. There was nothing dull about him, even when he was silent; for, though in society he would sit quite still, it would be found afterward that he knew what was going on, and what sort of people were about him, just as in the woods he might be perfectly silent, and yet notice every bird that flew above him, and hearken to every rustle in the bushes. In fact, he was a quiet, awkward boy, who did not care how he looked or what there was in books, but grew up wild in the forest, among birds and trees and four-footed friends.

“When he was fifteen years old, his father, who had a large family to support, placed him behind the counter of a country merchant, that he might learn to provide for himself; and a year after, feeling some confidence in his ability, set him up in a small trade, together with his brother William. They were both idle lads and managed the business wretchedly. Patrick had no methodical habits, and William was even more careless. So the store ran down, and Patrick grew very unhappy over his failure. He was shut up when before he had been free, and his business became exceedingly distasteful. He resorted to music to cheer him, and from music he went to books, and formed a taste for reading which now began to grow. But his real relief he found, after all, in just what he had every day to do; for, as before he had watched the birds and animals, so now he began to study the people who gathered in his store. Though he did not buy or sell much, he laid in a stock of information about character, which was one day to prove very serviceable. He used to start a question when there was a knot of people about him, and watch to see how each would take up the matter accord-

ing to his particular kind of mind ; or he would tell stories, and notice how each would be affected. It was plain that store-keeping would never make him rich, and presently he gave that up, and took what little money he had left to buy a farm, where he settled down as a farmer, and married. But he succeeded no better in this, and went back to his store, where he failed worse than before.

“Meanwhile, though he every now and then went off into the woods with his gun, and left his store to keep itself, or turned to his violin for amusement, his love for books was steadily increasing. He studied geography and read the annals of ancient history. Livy, the Roman historian, was a great favorite of his. He read a translation of that writer once at least every year in the early part of his life. As he came to care more and more for books, he saw that he was meant for something besides farming and store-keeping, and he studied law, meaning to become a lawyer ; but he had been so idle and fickle that he had formed very poor habits of study and application, and though he succeeded finally in getting admitted to practice, he was very ignorant of some of the simplest things that lawyers know.

It was about this time that people began to notice him, and to predict that there was something in Patrick Henry that would come out some day. He was a cheerful man, and while he had a hard time of it supporting his family, he never seemed to be discouraged. For three years he scarcely had a client, but at length a chance came for him to show what he really could do. A dispute had arisen between the Clergy, who represented the King in Virginia, and the Legislature, which represented the People. The clergy had so far carried their point that there seemed no hope left for the popular cause, when by some chance Patrick Henry was asked to

defend the people. When the day for the trial came, the court was full of anxious spectators, and learned and dignified men sat expecting the verdict in their favor. William Wirt, who wrote the life of Patrick Henry, has given an account of this speech, and I will read you what he says:—

“No one had ever heard him speak, and curiosity was on tiptoe. He rose very awkwardly, and faltered much in his exordium,’ that is, in the preface to his speech. ‘The people hung their heads at so unpromising a commencement; the clergy were observed to exchange sly looks with each other; and his father (who occupied the magistrate’s chair) is described as having almost sunk with confusion from his seat. But these feelings were of short duration, and soon gave place to others of a very different character. For now were those wonderful faculties which he possessed for the first time developed; and now was first witnessed that mysterious and almost supernatural transformation of appearance, which the fire of his own eloquence never failed to work in him. . . . His attitude by degrees became erect and lofty. The spirit of his genius awakened all his features. His countenance shone with a nobleness and grandeur which it had never before exhibited. There was a lightning in his eyes which seemed to rive the spectator. His action became graceful, bold, and commanding; and in the tones of his voice, but more especially in his emphasis, there was a peculiar charm, a magic of which any one who ever heard him will speak as soon as he is named, but of which no one can give any adequate description. They can only say that it struck upon the ear and upon the heart *in a manner which language cannot tell*. Add to all these his wonder-working fancy, and the peculiar phraseology in which he clothed his images; for he painted to the heart with a force that al-

most petrified it. . . . His surviving hearers say, that the people, whose countenances had fallen as he arose, had heard but a very few sentences before they began to look up; then to look at each other with surprise, as if doubting the evidence of their own senses; then, attracted by some strong gesture, struck by some majestic attitude, fascinated by the spell of his eye, the charm of his emphasis, and the varied and commanding expression of his countenance, they could look away no more. In less than twenty minutes they might be seen in every part of the house, on every bench, in every window, stooping forward from their stands, in death-like silence: their features fixed in amazement and awe; all their senses listening and riveted upon the speaker, as if to catch the last strain of some heavenly visitant. The mocking of the clergy was soon turned to alarm, their triumph into confusion and despair; and at one burst of his rapid and overwhelming invective, they fled from the bench in precipitation and terror. As for the father, such was his surprise, such his amazement, such his rapture, that, forgetting



Patrick Henry.

where he was, and the character which he was filling, tears of ecstasy streamed down his cheeks, without the power or inclination to repress them.'

"Now this cause which Patrick Henry took part in was one of the beginnings of the Revolution, and the position which he took on the side of the people indicated something of the character of the man. It required courage, and Henry was a bold, daring man; it required a fellow feeling with plain people, and he was one of their number, lived with them, defended them. You can believe that when he had so suddenly come forward into public notice, he would not be allowed to fall back into obscurity. From that time forward, he was the most notable orator in the country, and as events followed which gave a wider range to his eloquence, he came to be listened to with the greatest attention.

"He could only speak in one place at a time, but reports of his speeches were read all over the country, and the men who heard them from his own lips were very much moved by them. The piece which Nathan spoke was one of those which did much to fire the people, and make them ready for the separation from England. He was Governor of Virginia at one time, and he was also in the Continental Congress, where he spoke eloquently, but people found out that in practical matters he was often no wiser than other men who had not his eloquence. The indolent ways which he had when a young man prevented him from ever being able to take hold of hard subjects and make them clear. His eloquence was a great gift and he used it nobly.

"There is an anecdote told by Mr. Wirt, which shows a little of the way in which he managed to bring his audience to his way of thinking, and I'll read it to you, and that will be the end of my little piece about Patrick Henry.

“ ‘ John Hook was a Scotchman, a man of wealth, and suspected of being unfriendly to the American cause. During the distresses of the American army, consequent on the joint invasion of Cornwallis and Phillips, in 1781, a Mr. Venable, an army commissary,’ that is, a person appointed to procure food for the army, ‘ had taken two of Hook’s steers for the use of his troops. The act had not been strictly legal; and on the establishment of peace, Hook, under the advice of Mr. Cowan, a gentleman of some distinction in the law, thought proper to bring an action of trespass against Mr. Venable in the District Court of New London. Mr. Henry appeared for the defendant, and becoming animated in the cause, acquired complete control over the passions of his audience. At one time he excited their indignation against Hook; vengeance was visible in every countenance; again, when he chose to relax and ridicule him, the whole audience was in a roar of laughter. He carried the jury, by the powers of his imagination, to the plains around York, the surrender of which had followed shortly after the act complained of; he depicted the surrender in the most glowing and noble colors of his eloquence; the audience saw before their eyes the humiliation and dejection of the British as they marched out of their trenches; they saw the triumph which lighted up every patriot face, and heard the shouts of victory, and the cry of “ Washington and Liberty!” as it rung and echoed through the American ranks, and was reverberated from the hills and shores of the neighboring river; but hark! what notes of discord are these which disturb the general joy, and silence the acclamations of victory? They are the notes of John Hook, hoarsely bawling through the American camp, “ *Beef! beef! beef!*” ’ ”

The children had grown rather tired with Mr. Bodley’s long account of Patrick Henry and were quite glad to laugh at his last

story. It was almost time for school to be dismissed, but there was one more piece to be said; this was to be a piece of poetry, and Phippy, who had been very restless, was called up. She was in a great hurry to get away, but her piece was not very long, and so she went up on the platform, and with very red cheeks recited: —

A TALK AMONG TOADS.

BY MARY HANDERSON.

“ A fine day, sister toads, a fine day !
Help yourselves to some toad stools, I pray;
It is luck to get five toads together,
To enjoy this nice, damp, showery weather.

“ There 's a bug, neighbor, under your seat,
If you fancy a morsel to eat ; ”

“ Thanks ! a lady-bug 's always a treat ;
I know nothing more juicy and sweet.”

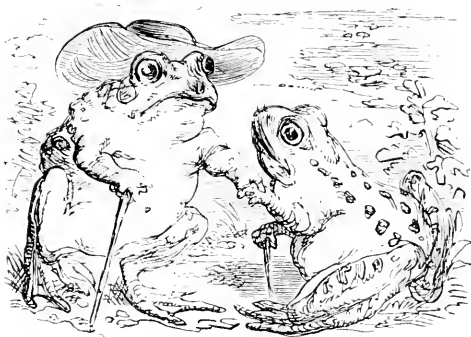
“ Beetles now are too hard in the back ;
I 've no patience the creatures to crack ;
And the hornets, and things on the wing,
Are sometimes so ill-bred as to sting.

“ Seems to me, brother Brown, you look pale !
Is your health beginning to fail ?
And you do not seem happy to me ;
Such dejection it grieves me to see.”

“ What you say, sister Spry, makes me bold
To confess that I 'm dying with cold.
I 'm a sensitive creature, I own,
And I feel that my system wants tone.

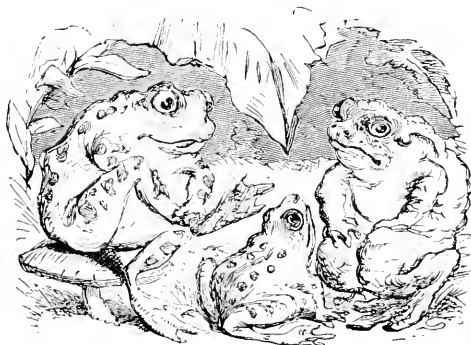
“ Tell me how to get warm now, I beg :
Why, just feel of my arm, or this leg !

Was there ever so frozen a thing ?
And I've been so through all this mild spring."



"You describe my own feelings, my brother,"
Then said one ; "but I have still another
That will fill me at times with alarm,
Though I may struggle to seem always calm.

"Now just give me, my friends, your advice:
In the pit of my stomach lies ice

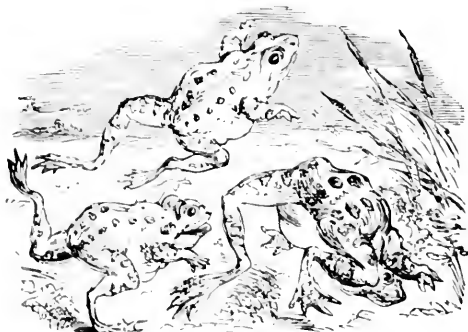


Which the bright summer sun cannot melt ;
Why, sometimes, brother toad, I have felt"—

“Pshaw ! pshaw !” said a rude little thing,
“Of my chills and my shakes I could sing
All the day ; but I well know the reason
That we all are so cold out of season.

“’T is because of a bad circulation ;
And I say it without ostentation,
But I think that we all should be wise
If we gave ourselves more exercise.

“It would stir up the blood, till its flow
Gave our pale cheeks a healthier glow ;



Come ! let's try it ; besides, a good race
Might impart to our limbs more of grace.

“This is just what I heard a man say
To his child in the garden to-day ;
And much more of the same kind he said,
But the rest has gone out of my head.”

“Oh, indeed !” piped the other in rage,
“You talk *well*, for a child of your age ;
But don't interrupt *me* in this way,
Till you've something worth hearing to say.

“I have hopped twenty times round a tree,
Till so dizzy I hardly could see ;
And as soon as I rested, thump ! thump !
The cold ice in my stomach would bump.



“And the drops would start out on my brow :
It is moist, if you feel of it now ;
I believe that it never is dry,
Though to wipe it I frequently try.”

“Friends, I saw a man raking the hay
Stop to drink from a bottle to-day ;
And a boy who was with him, he told,
That he drank it to keep out the cold.



- “ And he laughed, as he hid it away
Very near me beneath the new hay,
That would surely, I thought, do *me* good,
So I hopped to the place where it stood,
- “ Pulled the cork out—when tip, it went over,
Almost drowning a root of red clover;
But I managed to suck up my fill,
Though I instantly felt very ill.
- “ Then I tottered away to a stone,
And sat down with a terrible groan;
Snakes alive! how I shivered and shook,
Like a trout on a fisherman’s hook!
- “ Oh! ’t was far worse than chills; I said then,
If I lived, I would never again
Think that what with cold men might agree
Would be likely to benefit me.”



- Here the host spied a dark, threatening cloud,
And the thunder rolled heavy and loud.
“ See! the rain is increasing; make haste!
For we have not a moment to waste!

“All hop under my door-steps and wait;
’T will soon stop, and such peltings I hate.”
Then each toad raised a stool in the air,—
Five umbrellas they made, I declare !

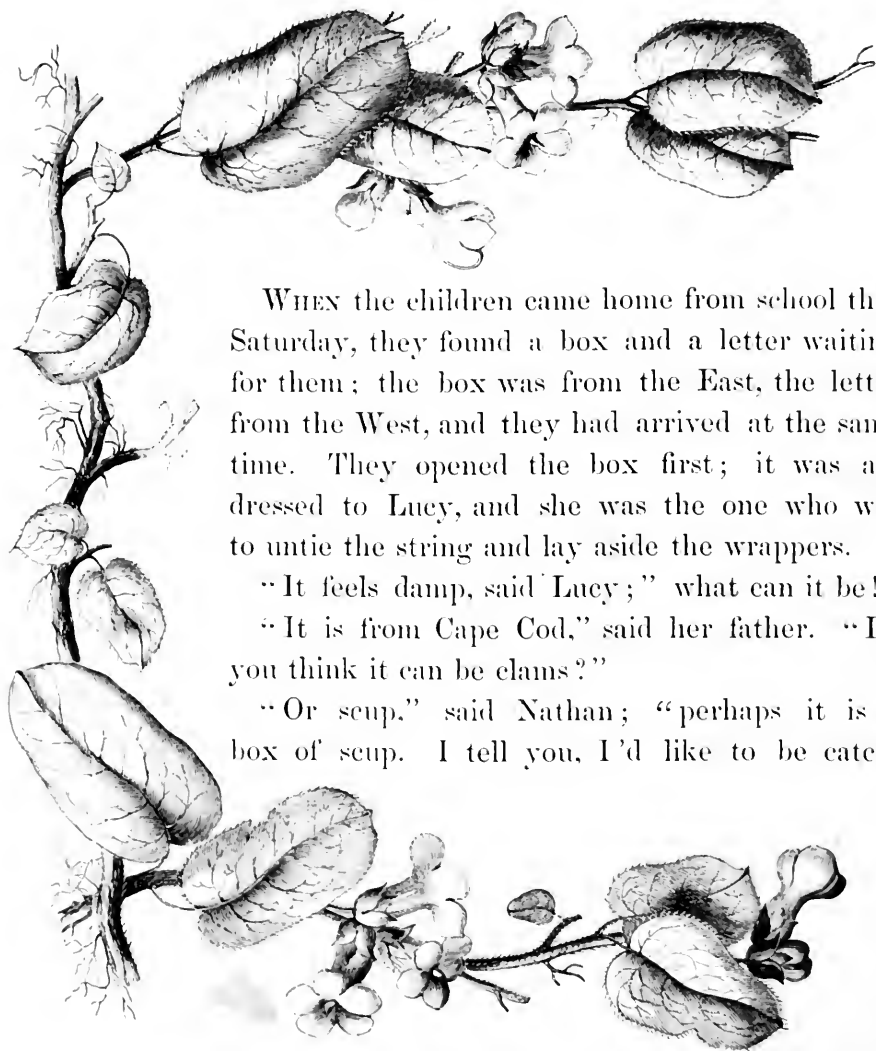
That row of them, pointed and white
Made the grasshoppers jump with affright;
While the crickets chirped loudly in glee
Such a funny procession to see,
As the toads hopped away up the walk,
To resume ’neath the door-stones their talk.

That was the end of the school for the morning and in a few minutes all the children were scampering off, while Phippy and Nathan walked home on either side of their father, as if escorting a public guest with all the school honors.



CHAPTER IX.

OUT-OF-DOORS AGAIN.



WHEN the children came home from school that Saturday, they found a box and a letter waiting for them; the box was from the East, the letter from the West, and they had arrived at the same time. They opened the box first; it was addressed to Lucy, and she was the one who was to untie the string and lay aside the wrappers.

“It feels damp, said Lucy;” what can it be!”

“It is from Cape Cod,” said her father. “Do you think it can be clams?”

“Or scup,” said Nathan; “perhaps it is a box of scup. I tell you, I’d like to be catch-

ing scup off the rocks, back of grandfather's!" But Lucy had the paper off now, and had raised the lid, when she give a little scream of delight. There in a soft mass, protected by cotton-wool, were some May-flowers, the trailing arbutus which grew abundantly near her grandfather's on the sands of Cape Cod. They all put their noses into the box and drew in the delicious fragrance, so unlike any other perfume of flowers.

"I think John and Margaret must have enjoyed these flowers," said Mr. Bodley. "They found them here in the spring, and after the long winter it must have seemed as if a wonderful summer was coming when this flower was the early messenger."

"I wish we could find some in our woods," said Phippy. "Let's hunt for them this very afternoon."

"I do not think you will find any here, but in a few days we will go to May's Woods and see what we can find. But you have n't opened your letter, Phippy."

"Why, is the letter for me, mama?"

"It says 'Miss Philippa Bodley, care of Charles Bodley, Esq., Pearl Street, Boston.' Do you know of any other young lady of that name?"

"Sure enough. How grand I feel. I suppose the postmaster thought that was a grown up young lady with curls. I think I will open it. Papa, your paper knife if you please. I always open my letters at the end. Why, it's from Cousin Hattie, sure's you're alive. I wonder if she's been out among the wolves again. Here mama, you please read it to us, my hands are so full;" which was Phippy's explanation of the difficulty she found in reading writing. So Mrs. Bodley read Hattie's letter, but this is all that any one beside the Bodleys cares to hear; all the rest was about family matters.

“What do you think! we have had a bee-hunt. Did you know that people hunted bees? I did not before. We all went out in a big wagon: Uncle, Mr. Jones, Mr. Carter, the schoolmaster, and one or two others, and John and Alice and I. Schaffer came on horseback. We had to drive several miles out on the prairie to an



A Bee-Hunt on the Prairie.

island where the bee-tree was. You see the bees live in hollow trunks, and keep storing honey for ever so long before anybody finds out anything about it. We didn't get to the place till about an hour before sundown. Then we got out of the wagon and got together ever so much brush and leaves, so as to make a fire. One

of the bee-trees was hollow almost all the way up the trunk, and down near the roots there was a great opening. The men stuffed the leaves and brush into the opening and set it on fire. Uncle wanted us to stay in the wagon, for fear we should get stung; but we wanted to see the fun, so we wet our pocket-handkerchiefs and tied them over our faces; Mr. Carter showed us how, and he covered his in the same way, but Mr. Jones laughed at him. When the fire was lighted, Uncle and Mr. Jones began to chop the tree down with axes, and Mr. Carter kept stuffing leaves and brush into the fire. The bees began to buzz, and pretty soon they began to pour out of the tree in great swarms. It was awfully hard working in the smoke, and every now and then Uncle and Mr. Jones would throw their axes down and run away to get rid of the smoke and breathe some fresh air. By and by Schaffer tied his horse to a tree and took Uncle's axe, while Uncle went off to get some more leaves, for you see we had to keep making a smoke so as to stun the bees. They did not seem to know just what to make of it, and they kept up a great buzzing; but they were not very dull, and we could see Mr. Jones and Schaffer slap themselves every little while. Alice and I were bringing some stuff, but Mr. Jones called out to us to keep back, and kept waving his hand to drive us away. He was afraid we should get stung. Poor Leo was awfully stung. He was poking his nose in the heap of smoking leaves when a lot of bees attacked him, and he rushed off like mad and buried his nose in the mud, and rolled over and over, trying to get rid of the bees. Then Schaffer's horse began to rear and plunge. Schaffer was afraid he would get loose and went to him, and he was so hot that he threw off his coat and opened his shirt. You ought to have seen him in a minute or two! The bees had got round the horse and plagued

him so that the horse kicked out furiously. Then they got under Schaffer's shirt, and when the horse was not kicking, Schaffer was jumping, and pretty soon the horse broke his bridle and ran off, and Schaffer rushed down to the creek, and tumbled in headlong, to drown the bees that made him frantic. All the while Mr. Jones was chopping away at the old tree, and pretty soon he called out, 'Clear the way: tree 's coming,' and over it went with a crash. Then the men got wedges and split the tree open, and then the buckets and barrels were brought which we had in the wagon, and were filled with the honey, and we all drove home in the moonlight. Uncle says we brought home a hundred pounds, and there 's another tree out there that we did n't touch."

"Well," said Phippy, when her mother had finished the letter, "I think I 'd like to go out and live with Uncle Lape. I never had so much honey as a hundred pounds all at once. Why, they brought it home in barrels!"

"I should n't think it would taste good out of a barrel," said Lucy.

"Oh, they were n't ash-barrels. I suppose they were new barrels, or perhaps they were flour barrels," said Phippy. "But, papa, where did the bees come from?"

"They flew out there, Phippy. Bees keep with settlers, just a little ahead of them, I believe; and in that wild country people do not live the bees themselves, but let them make their hives in hollow trees, or in crevices of the rocks, and then they go out to find the honey, just as your Uncle and Hattie did."

"Martin used to keep bees," said Nathan. "He and Hen had ever so many, and he says Hen has been where they blast for honey."

"Blast for honey!" said Mrs. Bodley. "I never heard of such a thing."

"Well, Martin says so, anyway. He says Hen told him."

"Then it must be true, but Hen always seems to do or see something a little more wonderful than any one else. There's Martin, now: call him in, Nathan, and let us ask him." Martin was bringing some wood into the house, and they all went out into the hall to speak to him.

"Did n't you tell me Hen blasted for honey?" asked Nathan.

"Hoh! you have n't forgot that? You're a great little boy to remember things. I told you that a year ago."

"But did n't he?" pursued Nathan.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was. You see, Mis' Bodley, Hen was in Texas, up the Colorado River with a party, and they went out a bee-hunting as they called it, to some cliffs off by Austin; there's a great cavern in the cliff where the bees hived their honey I suppose, — well, say for a hundred years, — and I suppose there were just tons of wax and honey in there; and the only way they could get it out was by blasting the rocks with powder, and that way they got out a couple o' hundred pounds. Hen wrote me about it."

"Then Nathan was right," said Mrs. Bodley; "and the next time we have honey for supper, he shall be helped twice."

It was not long before the children went often into the woods. They found the dog-tooth violet and anemone, and later the marsh-mallow, but they did not find any May-flowers. They even built a little wigwam near the edge of May's Pond. Nathan wanted a raft on the pond, but his mother told him to wait a year for that.

"Meanwhile," said she, as they were talking about it at home, "you can make believe a raft, like the Fairies' Raft that Lucy repeats."

THE FAIRIES' RAFT.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Tiny, Tiny ! come with me,
I have found a leaf just like a boat,
And will set it afloat
On this little shining sea.
I'll pole it along
With the herl's grass strong,
And we'll see the minnows dart and glow,
Down on the yellow sands below,
And the water-spiders skate and slide
Our little raft beside.



Come, Tiny! Tiny, come with me.
I know where a stem of berries red
Hangs overhead;
We will get just three,
Enough for mother, and you, and me.
Come Tiny! Tiny, come!
I'll find some hollow grasses too,
And make some flutes for me and you,
And we'll go playing home.
Come, Tiny! Tiny, come!

But the children's favorite places were still the Grove and the Gorge, and every pleasant afternoon they were ready to go there and play about the old tomb of Paul Bodley. Sometimes they were Northmen who had just landed; sometimes they were a party from Plymouth on the lookout for Indians; sometimes they were judges hiding from the English officers; and sometimes they were Revolutionary soldiers and their families guarding themselves against attack from the enemy.

One day their mother followed them to the Grove and spent the afternoon with them there. They had made a little flower-garden in the Gorge by sticking the stems of flowers into the soft earth. In the innermost recess of the Gorge was one solitary flower which they had planted there.

"What is that poor flower for?" asked Mrs. Bodley.

"Oh," said Phippy, "that belongs to a prisoner, whom we've captured. We only pretend he's in there, but Lucy thought he would be lonely, so she stuck the flower in there, and he sits and looks at it. I think it's rather stupid."

"No, it is n't stupid," said Lucy. "It's very dark in there, and I did n't want the prisoner in there at all; but Phippy and Nathan said they'd caught him, so I got leave to give him a little flower."

“It is the prisoner’s Picciola,” said their mother. “Did you ever hear the story of Picciola? No? Then I’ll tell it to you now, as I sit on this flat rock. Count Charney was a prisoner in one of the fortresses of France. He had been an enemy of Napoleon Bonaparte, and Napoleon had shut him up in the fortress of Fenestrella. He was a wise man who had read a great many books, but now no books or paper or pen or ink were given to him; he had known men and women and lived much in the world, but now he was only allowed to see his jailer. His room had four whitewashed walls, a table, a chair, a trunk for his clothing, a little wooden sideboard, a narrow bed, and a pair of blue curtains which hung before his window; but his window was barred with iron and looked out only upon a high wall. Was not that a dull place for him to live in?”

“He could go out once a day and for two hours’ walk in a small paved court, which he reached by means of a heavy stone staircase. From this court he could just manage to see the tops of distant mountains; but best of all he felt the sunshine there and the open air. He tried to amuse himself in many ways; he would ravel the threads of silk or linen, and see how completely he could separate the minute strands; he made little flageolets from stalks of straw, and vessels from nutshells; he carved his plain table, covering it with all sorts of figures, — houses, steeples, boats, carriages, animals, and fishes. But he grew very tired of these occupations. All winter he was engaged in them, and when spring came, he found himself as tired as ever of his prison life.

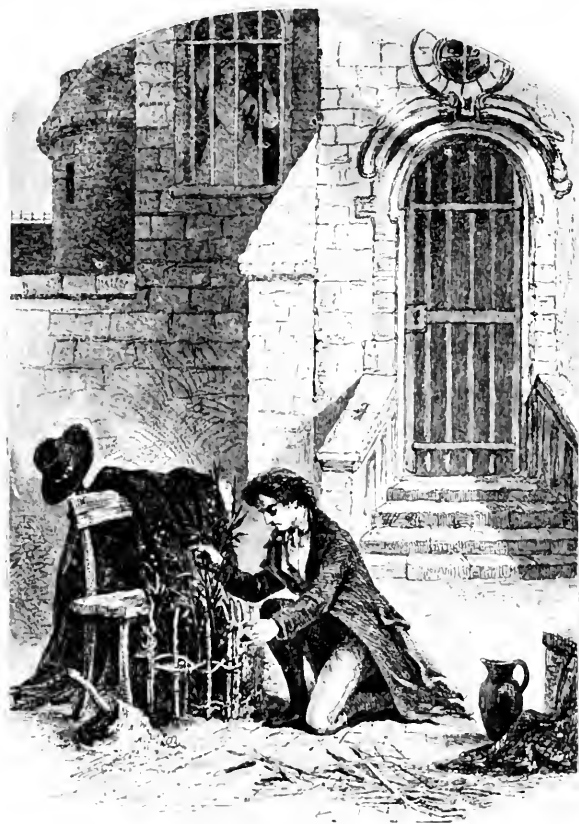
“Now one day in the spring, as he was walking in the court-yard, over the granite pavement, he began to count, as he often had done before, for occupation, the stones that made up the pavement, when suddenly he noticed between two of the stones a little mound of

earth, which had been pushed up and was open a bit at the top. He looked closely, and for a moment had a wild notion that perhaps some one was digging his way up, to let him out of prison; but he knew that was impossible, and he looked again; now he saw that a little plant was pushing its way through a crack in the stones. He was half angry at his disappointment, and was about to crush it with his foot, but turned away. The next day, as he was walking again, he nearly trod on it by accident, but just in time drew his foot back. He examined it again, and saw that as it had come out into the sunlight, it had lost its pale look and began to be green and healthy.

“Every day now he watched the little plant grow; it put forth branches and grew taller and taller. The hours which he was allowed to spend in the court-yard he spent over his little plant, and at other times, he would watch it through the bars of his window. He saw his jailer cross the pavement, and he had a sudden terror lest the man would step upon the poor plant and crush it; but the jailer, Ludovic, though a rough man was a kind one, and he assured Count Charney that he never would harm the plant; that he had indeed often watered it, when the Count had neglected it.

“After that he never suffered it to be without his care. One day, as he was in the yard, the sky became lowering, a dark thunder-cloud covered it, and the rain began to fall; the rain turned to hail, and the little plant, Picciola, as he called it, turned and twisted, bending its head to escape the storm. Count Charney ran to it, bent over it, spread his coat around it, and received all the hail-stones on his own head, rather than that poor Picciola should suffer. That set him to thinking that it needed protection when he was not by: what if the big dog that belonged to the jailer should

some day pounce upon it! or some visitor should carelessly step upon it! he wondered how he could make some guard for it. The cell which he occupied was cold, and he was allowed a few sticks of wood every day for a fire. He began to lay aside one and another, day by day, stinting himself in his fire, and at length having



Picciola in her Cage.

enough, he took his knife and cut the sticks and twigs into proper shape, and twisted about them the supple osier with which his bundle of fire-wood was held together; he stripped some of the lining from the inside of his trunk, and with that made threads for tying the twigs and the osier. In this way he made a little cage for Picciola, and when he had finished, he was quite satisfied that his flower was safe from attack by the dog or by storm; he took some

straw too from his bed, with which to make additional matting to guard his plant.

“Now the plant was growing bravely; and by and by he saw a

little bud; he watched it eagerly: would it really blossom into a flower? He was still visiting it day by day, when for some cause he was taken sick as he returned to his cell after a visit, and threw himself on the bed hoping to get sleep and so be well again. But he was more ill than he knew. The next day he could not rise from his couch; he grew worse and worse. The physician could not cure him; the priest came to watch over his dying; Ludovic went in and out, and did whatever he could. Charney did not seem to know what was going on: he only muttered now and then. "Poor Picciola! Poor Picciola!" It seemed as if he could not live long, when Ludovic suddenly left him and returned after a while with a bowl containing some hot drink, which he forced down the dying man's throat. Charney did not stir. He lay there hour after hour, and



Charney, Ludovic, and the Priest.

Ludovic finally, overcome with fatigue, dropped upon the floor and slept. The priest sat through the night by the bedside, and when

morning came, Charney was in a profound sleep. Ludovic too was sleeping on the floor by the bed, when he felt a burning hand on his forehead. He started up.

“Something to drink,” said Charney, and then he told them what to give him. And what was the drink that Ludovic had given him? It was nothing more or less than some of the leaves of Picciola, steeped in boiling water. “Picciola has saved you!” Ludovic cried, and Charney wondered what he could mean. Then it began to dawn upon him what Ludovic had done, and, for a moment, he was filled with dismay, for he thought his little plant had wholly been destroyed; but he found that only a few of its leaves had been taken to save his life, while the little plant itself was still growing bravely. Yes, and it had flowered. Ludovic came into his cell one day when he was slowly recovering, and exclaimed, —

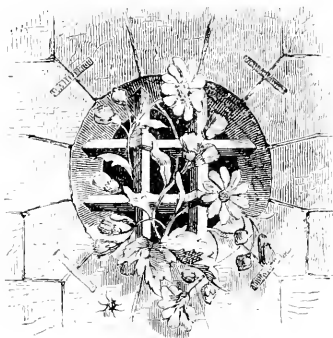
“It’s in flower!”

“What! Picciola?”

“Yes, our little Picciola,” and Count Charney insisted on going to see it. But the jailer forbade him to go till the sun should be higher. The Count was very much excited. This little flower was all he had to care for now, and he loved it, as if it were his sister. He dressed himself carefully, removed his beard, and made as many preparations as if he were going to a great ball. Ludovic helped him down the staircase, and he stood before Picciola. There was her flower, with its white, purple, and rose colors; and there, too, he could see where the branches had been broken, and leaves cut off; she was still suffering from the wounds which had made him whole.

“One of these days, when you are a little older, you shall read the whole story of Picciola, for this that I have told you is only the beginning of it. But was it not a very great happiness to this poor

prisoner that he could watch one little plant growing thus in his prison yard? It not only made him happy, but it taught him something of God's love to him, and that is the best thing in the world to learn."



CHAPTER X.

GOING TO THE CAPE.

WHEN it came near to the Fourth of July, Mr. Bodley began to talk about taking his family to the Cape, where Mrs. Bodley's father lived. In the days of this story, there was no railway running to the little sea-side village of Hyannis Port, where Grandfather Scupper once lived, and one must either go down by sloop to Barnstable and cross the Cape, or take the stage-coach. But as the Bodleys were enough to fill a carriage themselves, when they went to the Cape, they usually drove down in a carryall. They had not been for two years, and this summer it had been promised them that they should go. They were even to leave school a day earlier, so as to get away

before Fourth of July should be upon them. Mr. Bodley wrote a note for Nathan to take to the teacher, asking that he and Phippy and Lucy might be excused because they were to go to the Cape.



Leyden Street, Plymouth.

“But she will think it is Cape Ann,” said Nathan. “I think you ought to explain that it is Cape Cod.” Mr. Bodley thought she would understand. “Cape Cod is the Cape,” said he, but Nathan persisted in explaining when he carried the note.

“We are going to Hyannis Port,” said he.

“ Oh, I know,” said she ; “ that is where the pink pond-lilies are.”

“ But it ’s on Cape Cod,” said Nathan. “ I never saw any pink lilies there.”

“ Well, you ask your mother if she does not know the pond where the pink pond-lilies grow. I think she does.” Nathan was afraid that the teacher had made a mistake, but he did not fail to ask his mother, who assured him that there was such a pond not far from his grandfather’s.

The whole family set off in the carryall for their grandfather’s, Martin driving them. Martin and Mr. Bodley sat in the front seat, and Mrs. Bodley behind, while the children changed their places so often, that it is not easy to say just where they sat. They did not leave early in the morning, but took a short day’s journey first to Braintree, where they spent the night, and the next day drove through Scituate to Plymouth. Plymouth the children knew about. They did not need to be told, as they drove down Leyden Street, that it was in Plymouth their Pilgrim forefathers first lived. Then from Plymouth they drove through the pine woods and the sand by Sandwich to Hyannis, and then they were only a couple of miles from the Port. They were very eager, as they came near to their grandfather’s, trying to remember the various places which they used to see. Shortly before they came to Scupper’s Point, Mrs. Bodley pointed out a road that crossed the field to the right.

“ There, Nathan,” said she, “ down there lies the pink lily pond. It is not far from Baxter’s Mill. Did you never hear about that mill ? Grandfather used to say some lines about it : —

‘ The Baxter boys they built a mill,
For want of water it stood still ;
And when it went it made no noise,
Because ’t was built by Baxter’s boys.’

But this mill goes. Look ! there is the breakwater. It is not finished yet." Off in the harbor was a stone breakwater, which had been begun some years before. One end of it was regularly finished with masonry, but the other end was still a pile of rough stones.

"There's the store !" exclaimed Nathan. "Hurrah for the store ! I wonder if there are any raisins there." He had by no means forgotten how he and Cousin Ned, when they were last here, had found a box of raisins, to which he had gone so often as to betray himself suddenly by an unexpected sickness. His Uncle Elisha owned the store, but had long ceased to have any business, except in a good-natured way to satisfy the modest wants of half a dozen families in the neighborhood. All the more was the store a delightful play-house. There were the great scales on which the children weighed themselves every day ; there was the loft, with all sorts of odds and ends in it, splendid for playing house in on rainy days, and in an L to the store was a curious assortment of hats, shoes, and old garments, which allowed a great variety in "dressing-up."

It was early evening when they reached the Point, and the children, as soon as supper was over, were put to bed, but the next morning early they were scampering about the place. The pigpen was a favorite resort ; why, it is difficult to say, except that the scup, caught off the rocks below, were always brought to a log near by, to have their scales taken off and the children liked to see that done. So now they climbed up upon the pen and poked the pigs ; they went to Dog Hotel ; but, best of all, they ran down the soft sand-bank that ended the little bluff on which their uncle's house was placed, and stood on the sea-shore among the rocks, from which the delicious scup were caught.

Nathan began his career by pulling off his shoes and stockings,

and running bravely about in bare feet ; the sand was hot, the beach grass was sharp and pricked his feet keenly, but that was nothing to the blistering that he brought on himself. Then there were fishing excursions, when they went off beyond the breakwater, and once even to the light-house at Bishop and Clerks, a group of rocks several miles away. They rambled over Squaw Island, and sometimes,



Poking Fun at Pigs.

too, would drive into the woods after wood which was piled up there, or go berrying.

Fun enough there was for the two weeks which they spent there. One day Nathan's mother carried them on a walk to show them where their grandfather's house once stood. They had passed it many times when going to the little wharf, but never had noticed it before, for the place was only a little depression in the ground marking the spot that once was a cellar.

"Is n't there any picture of grandfather?" asked Phippy.

"Yes," said her mother, and that evening she showed them their grandparents' pictures. They were silhouettes.

"Why, mama," said Phippy, "these are darkies!"

"I don't wonder you think so, Phippy. They are not darkies, though, but outlines of your grandfather and grandmother, cut out of black paper and laid on white, so as to make a distinct outline."

"But why did n't they have daguerreotypes?"

"Daguerreotypes were not invented then. Rich people had their pictures painted, and for small portraits they had them painted sometimes on ivory, but even then they were costly. Men, however, went about cutting out portraits with scissors, just as these were cut out; they were not very satisfactory portraits, but the best that could be had at small expense. Sometimes they were cut out of white and laid on black, and sometimes they were cut out of black and laid on white. The most expert at this kind of likeness were Frenchmen, and in France a machine was invented to secure an accurate likeness. The person whose likeness was to be taken sat in a chair, to which a frame was fastened on one side, containing a sheet of clear glass, and on the outside of that a piece of dry, oiled paper that was stretched tight. On the other side of the person in the chair a light was placed, so that the face should throw a shadow on the oiled paper. Then the artist, standing behind the frame, traced the shadow on the oiled paper with a pencil. Afterward he could reduce the portrait to a smaller size if he wanted to."

The children immediately thought they should like to take each other's portraits, and they found that they could get really quite good ones, by throwing shadows on a piece of white paper held against the wall, only the one taking the picture was always getting in the way of the shadow.



TAKING SHADOW PICTURES.

Uncle Elisha was a heavy, good-natured man, who would sit in the store during the long summer afternoons, less to serve out flour and salt-fish to stray customers than to chat with his friends and tell stories. He was very fond of the children, and many a yarn did he tell them of his sailor life. He had served in the War of 1812 with Great Britain, and was a sailor on the celebrated frigate *Constitution*, called sometimes "Old Ironsides." He was never tired of telling the exploits of the famous ship.

"Uncle 'Lisha," said Nathan one day, when he was there with Martin, "I don't believe Martin ever heard how the *Constitution* walked off from the other ships. Do tell us."

"Did ye never hear that, Martin?"

"No, sir. I was brought up in the Green Mountains, and never saw the sea before."

"Want to know!"

"Hen has been to sea," explained Nathan.

"And who's Hen?"

"He's Martin's big brother; he's in California."

"Well, you've heard of the *Constitution*, Martin?"

"That was the name of the ship Hen sailed in."

"It was, was it? Then you tell your brother Hen that he sailed in a ship that had n't a right to its name. There's only one *Constitution*, bless her! and that was 'Old Ironsides.' But I don't mind telling you about her. You ought to know about her, young man; your country owes a great deal to her. It was July 12, 1812,¹ that she sailed from Annapolis, and that was right after war was declared with Great Britain. Five days afterward she was out

¹ In this narrative and the next the author has followed the account given by S. G. W. Benjamin in an article in *The Riverside Magazine for Young People*, vol. 4, p. 499.

of sight of land, and about midday four sail were discovered to the northward, and about four o'clock in the afternoon another sail was sighted; that was the English frigate *Guerriere*, that we had the fight with up by the Bay of Fundy, afterward. We thought we'd tackle her, after dark, and we stood toward her, but the wind was light and we could n't make much headway. The next morning, that was the 18th, as soon as it was light, we discovered three more of the enemy on our quarter and three astern, and pretty soon another hove in sight. It was a whole British squadron; there was a ship of the line, four frigates, a brig, and a schooner, and it was our business to get away from them. Eight against one was no fair, as you boys say. They came up most within gunshot, then the wind fell off, and they were no better off than we were. We dropped all our boats into the water and sent them forward to tow, so's to keep us out of the range of the enemy's bow-chasers that came skipping after us. They put out their boats too and began to tow their ships. The *Shannon* was ahead, but she could n't make us feel her shot. We run four guns out of the stern ports and the stern lights, and peppered the enemy's boats that were towing. Then a little breeze sprung up, just enough to make cat's-paws, and we put on every stitch of canvas, sky-sails, stum'-sails, and all her other 'kites,' and as we had the fastest ship, we thought we'd get off that way. But the breeze did n't amount to much, and was down again toward sundown, and the enemy began to gain on us again, for you see she fetched round the boats that were towing the aftermost ships and put them on the foremost; that way she got double force, and besides she could spell the men, while ours were getting used up.

"Well, now, we could see her just creeping, creeping along toward us, when the *Commodore* — that was old *Hull*, bless him! — had

a mighty fine idea. The water was only about seventy-six fathoms deep. So he ordered all the spare rope on board that was stout enough to be spliced, and a kedge anchor bent on. Then he sent the anchor ahead in one of the boats, keeping out of sight of the enemy, and had it dropped about half a mile ahead. You see the inner end of the cable was coiled round the capstan, so we turned to at the capstan and warped the frigate right up to the anchor. That was quicker work, and when we got up to the anchor, we tripped it, hoisted it, and carried it half a mile further ahead. Why, we had two anchors which we carried ahead, one after the other in that fashion and just walked right off. It was getting pretty dark, and it bothered the enemy, who could n't see how in the world we made off so fast, when there was n't a breath of air stirring. But they kept watch of us, and found out what we were at after a while and tried the same dodge, and so we were no better off.

“Well, we kept along so all night, and were pretty well used up, but at sunrise a light breeze sprang up, and we had a chance to rest a spell. That was n't long though, for it died down again, and all we could hope to do was to keep our guns astern going, so as to pick off the crews on the two boats and prevent more than one ship from following us. Every one from the Commodore down was terribly exhausted, and when nine o'clock came, the Shannon was close upon us, and it looked as if the time had come; the Guerriere was coming up on the larboard quarter. Just then up came another breeze; it came from the southward; we could just make it out, a dark blue line in the offing that came creeping along, but I tell you we never saw anything half so pretty before or since. The officers placed us all at the braces, so that the minute the breeze struck our canvass, we brought up the old ship on the larboard tack,

and away we went right past the *Guerriere* that was n't ready for us, and only let drive a few shots at us as we went by at a rush, every rag of canvass taking the wind. We could n't stop to pick up the boats; but as we sailed past them, we ran out spars through the lower ports, and caught 'em that way, or by the davits; so we hoisted 'em all up, without once slacking for them.

“ Well, we thought we were off this time, but we were mistaken. That old breeze did n't last more than an hour, and then we were at it again. The *Commodore* had some of the water started — that is, he emptied some overboard so as to lighten the ship; you see we had just started on a cruise and had a good supply on board. Then we had the boats out, and were kedging and towing all that broiling summer's day. But the enemy had all her boats against us, and the *Shannon* kept coming nearer and nearer. Once in a while a little breeze would spring up, and we 'd have a chance to rest a few minutes. I tell you we used to watch for those breezes. But the *Shannon* got within gunshot and began peppering us, and the *Belvidere* and some other of the frigates began to crawl up and blaze away too. We kept at it till midnight, and then a breeze came and we rested till morning.

“ When sunrise came things were pretty much as they had been, but we were a little further ahead. There were then eleven sail after us. We had given up towing then, for there was enough air for us to use our sails, and we were all fighting to see which ship was the best sailer. But it wa'n't that only. It takes a smart captain to drive a ship, and there wa'n't one of the Britishers that could come up to our *Commodore* for that, and he just kept us trimming the sails and making leetle mites of changes that began to tell.

“ That was the third day. When sundown came, the sky was

black to windward, and we saw a squall was coming. So we were all bid stand by to let go and haul, and when the squall struck us, the light sails were let go, and a reef taken in the top-sails. We were well ahead then, but the English ships, when they saw us, took in sail too. The rain came down and made it all dark between us, and as soon as that happened, up went our top-gallant sails again, and away we went careening over before the wind, snorting the foam off our bow, and dashing ahead. When the mist lifted, there was the enemy's fleet far astern and to leeward, the frigate's hull down below the horizon, and the ship of the line just a speck only. But the wind was favorable, and they kept up the chase all night, for the wind might change and give them the favor. But about eight o'clock the next morning, the fourth day of the chase, they saw it was no use any longer, so the English Commodore hauled off to the northward, and that was the last we saw of them, that time."

"Did you see them again, Uncle?"

"Well, we did n't see them all at once again; but we did get sight of one of 'em, and I'll tell you how that was. We went into Boston after that chase, and fitted out with water and some more supplies, and started off again after cruisers. We ran up the coast to the Bay of Fundy and made a prize, and then we stood off to the southward, looking after the enemy, when early in the afternoon of August 19th, Wednesday, a sail was discovered, and as we came nearer, we saw it was an enemy's frigate. We bore away for her, and she laid her main top-sail aback, and waited for us, — a fair, square style of business. We made ready for the fight; furled our top-gallant, took two reefs in the top-sails, and had the decks cleared for action. When we got within gunshot, the frigate delivered her

fire, and the *Constitution* yawed round, so as not to take the fire broadsides, but did n't fire herself. Six o'clock came, and the enemy filled his top-sails and stood off, as if he wanted a fair combat, yard-arm to yard-arm. So we made sail, and gained on him, till our bow began to double on his stern, pouring in our fire, as the guns got within range, and all the while the frigate kept up a lively cannonade. But in a few minutes one of our shots carried the Englishman's mizzen mast away, when we just forged ahead and luffed across his bow, raking his decks terribly. We were running into the wind, so we lost headway, and the two ships came foul of each other, and each tried to board the other, but there was too heavy a sea running, and it could n't be done. We filled our sails and shot ahead, when over went the main and foremast of the Englishman, and she was rolling in the heavy sea. We stood off, and began to blaze away at her, but she saw it was no use, and struck her colors, which had been fastened to the stump of the mizzen mast after it was shot away. When we boarded her, what should it turn out to be but the *Guerriere*, one of the very fellows that had chased us so hard. She began to leak so badly, that there was no way to save her; so we took all her officers and crew on board the *Constitution*, saw her sink, and sailed away for Boston. But there's no mistake about it, Captain Daeres of the *Guerriere* was a first-rate seaman and a brave man. He handled his ship well; but ours had the heavier guns; and then, boys, say what you will, we fought better, because we had the right on our side; that's my way of thinking about it. I tell you, though, our Commodore — he was captain then — was a pretty popular man when he got back to Boston. Everybody turned out to welcome him, and nobody talked of anything but the way we beat the British. Captain Hull was a generous

man, too. When he'd got his glory, he stepped aside and gave other officers a chance to do a fine thing. But there weren't many like him. Yes, there were, too. Our navy has had a noble set of men. There ain't another such navy in the world."

"What became of the *Constitution*?" asked Martin. "Is she sailing now?"

"Yes, she's sailing still, somewhere, I suppose, but she ain't the same ship. They were going to break her up once, and came pretty near doing it, but one of your Boston poets wrote a poem and printed it in one of the Boston papers, and I guess that put a stop to it. You ought to know it, Nathan. You ought to speak the piece at school. Here, I can say it to you now," and the old gentleman roared out Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes's stirring lines:—

Ay, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar:
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more!

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee:
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;

Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning, and the gale !

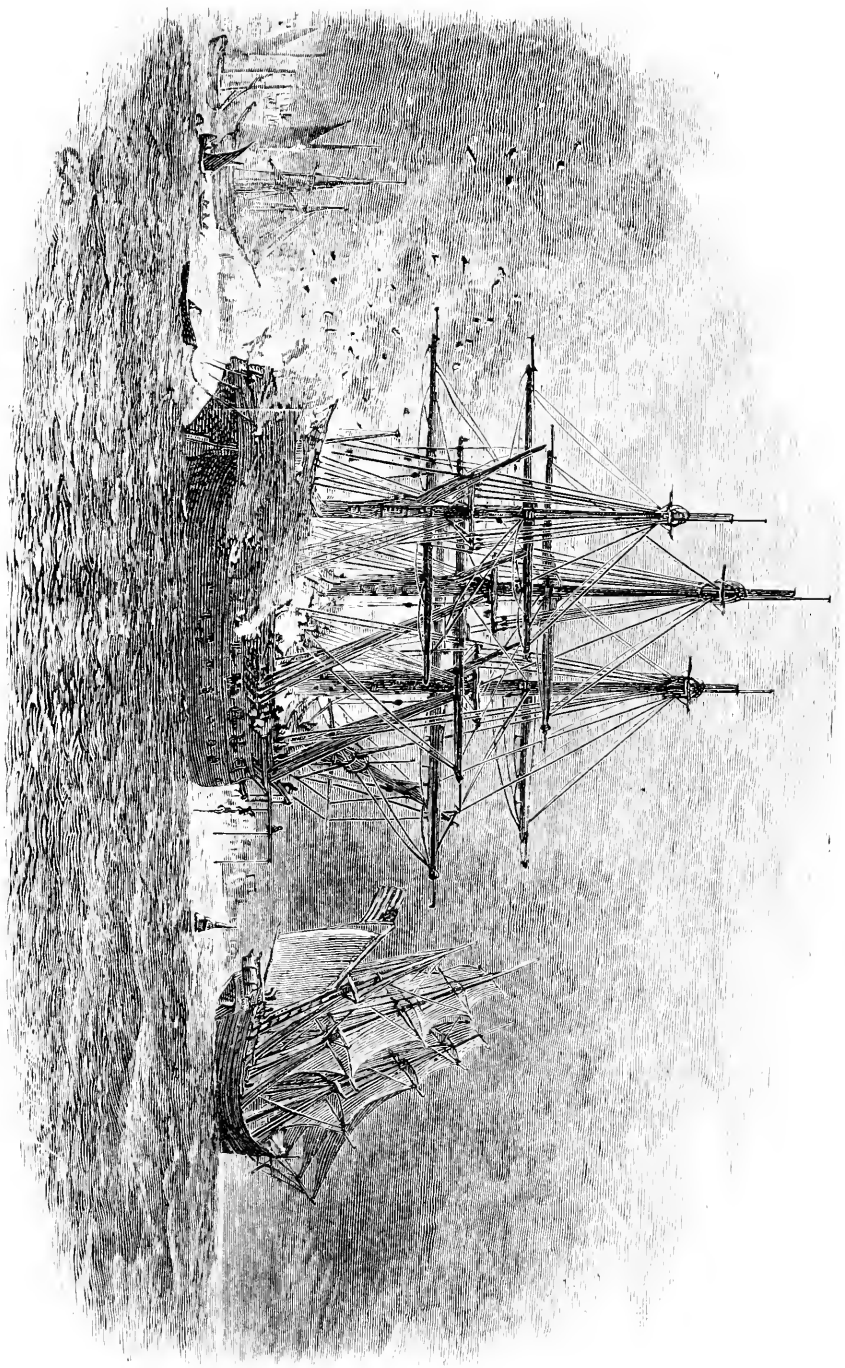
“ There, my boy, learn that to say at school, and think of ‘ Old Ironsides ’ that fought for you so bravely. Now do you want to hear another story about our navy ? Well, I ’ ll tell you just one more, and that is about the Philadelphia. I was n ’ t on that cruise, but I know all about it. It was before the War of 1812. Our ships used to go cruising in the Mediterranean, just as the ships of other countries did, but there was a lot of pesky little pirates belonging to the Barbary States that would run out from the ports and capture the merchantmen, carry off their goods, and sell the sailors for slaves. After a while the countries that had ships sailing there took to paying tribute so as to save their vessels and crews ; but the more they paid, the more the pirates demanded, till at length our government could n ’ t stand it any longer, and determined to fight rather, and it ’ s a pity they had n ’ t thought of that sooner. We sent a fleet down there, and one of the ships was the Philadelphia, under the command of Captain Bainbridge. She was cruising off the harbor of Tripoli, blockading the port and chasing vessels that were trying to run in. She was blown off her position in a gale, and as she was making her way back again, a sail hove in sight and she gave chase. She kept taking soundings, and finding the water getting shoal, Captain Bainbridge ordered the ship about ; but they had gone too far, for trying to back they ran on a reef, and she was going so fast that her bows ran right up the side of the reef. They did the best to get her off, trimmed the sails, hove the forward guns

overboard to lighten her, but they could n't start her. They were only three miles from Tripoli, and they had been firing so that some of the enemy's gunboats had crept out to see what was going on. They saw the scrape the Philadelphia was in, and began firing at her. Captain Bainbridge was throwing his water overboard, and cutting down his foremast, doing everything to lighten his ship, but it was no use, and as he could do nothing more, finally, to save the lives of his crew, he struck his colors.

"The piratical beggars were soon on board, and all hands were marched off to the mainland, where they had to show themselves to the Pasha. By and by the wind began to blow from the northwest, and that forced the Philadelphia's stern round, and by hard work the Pasha's folks got the ship off the ledge; they managed to raise the guns, too, that had been thrown overboard, and brought the ship into the harbor, and I guess the Pasha felt as good at seeing a new ship in his navy, as our people did badly at seeing her there in the harbor, with the Pasha's flag flying.

"Some other people thought a good deal about it, too, and our sailors wanted to get the Philadelphia back pretty badly. Commodore Preble had command of the fleet, and he sailed right off for Tripoli in his flag-ship, which was our old friend the Constitution, and along with him went the schooner Enterprise, with Lieutenant Decatur. On the way, the Enterprise caught a ketch, — a sort of yacht that belonged to the pirates, — and when they had to put in at Syracuse, he wanted to take the ketch and see if he could n't go in to the harbor and destroy the Philadelphia, so that she would n't be any use to the Pasha. Commodore Preble gave him leave, and they named the ketch over again the Intrepid. A brig, the Siren, went along with the Intrepid as convoy, and after five or six days they reached the

harbor about nightfall; then a heavy blow came up, and they had to put into the Gulf of Sydra till it blew over. It was a week before they could venture out again. Then they came back to the harbor, and saw the Philadelphia lying about a mile from the entrance. It was ten o'clock at night, a light breeze was blowing, and the Intrepid went sailing along softly, passed through the channel, and entering the harbor, came up alongside the Philadelphia. There was n't a man to be seen except just one or two to work the vessel, the rest lying low on the deck behind the bulwarks. You see the ketch looked like one of the pirate's own vessels, so they did n't suspect what it was. She was steered so as to fall across the bow of the Philadelphia, and as she came up, she was hailed from the frigate. The Italian pilot on the Intrepid answered in Arabic that she was a trader from Malta; that she had lost her anchor in the gale, and wanted to ride by the frigate till morning. The Turk was so deceived, that he actually sent a boat with a fast line aboard the ketch, and helped her to make everything snug. The Intrepid sent their boat to make fast by the frigate's fore-chains, and that way they worked the ketch round so as to lay it alongside the frigate. Just then, the fellows on the frigate discovered that the ketch had her anchor on the bow, and they shouted 'The Americans!' for they saw the trick, and rushed to cut the fasts. But Decatur was ready for them, and shouted to his men to board the frigate. He was the first one up the side, and his men were after him in a jiffy. The old pirates were so taken aback, that they did n't know what to make of it, and began tumbling into the water and swimming off. There was a fight below decks, but it did n't last long. In ten minutes Decatur had the Philadelphia in his hands. There was too much risk in trying to get the ship out of the harbor, though they wanted



BURNING OF THE PHILADELPHIA.

to badly ; so they distributed the combustibles about the ship, set fire to them, and had just time to scramble back into the *Intrepid*, and cast off. As she swung loose from the burning ship, the fire darted out of the *Philadelphia's* ports, and came mighty near setting the ammunition in the ketch on fire and blowing her up sky high. But she got off, and then the men gave three rousing cheers. The Turks by that time found out what was going on, when they saw the *Philadelphia* in flames and heard the men cheering. The flames lighted up the ketch, and they began to fire on it from the forts, and started out in ships and boats to catch her, but the men manned the oars, eight on a side, and as there was a light breeze, she was soon outside along with the *Siren*, that was lying just outside the harbor. They could see the great frigate wrapped in flames, and then they began to hear gun after gun go off ; they were the guns of the *Philadelphia*, all loaded ; as fast as the fire reached them, off they would go. It must have been grand to hear the old ship die in that fashion. The Turks never got any good of her, and our people soon knew who Decatur was."

How much longer Uncle Elisha would have gone on telling stories no one can know, but at this point the tea-bell rang and they all went back to the house. But Nathan remembered the stories, and told them over again in his own fashion to Phippy and Lucy, making out his uncle to have been the principal man in the chase and fights.

"You were captain of a ship once, were n't you, Uncle?" he asked.

"Yes, I was captain of a merchant vessel once."

"Was n't she one of the fastest ships that ever sailed, Uncle?"

"Well, Nathan, she did n't always sail fast, but she sailed strong." Mr. Bodley laughed.

"I remember your ship, Elisha, and I never could tell which was the bow and which was the stern. I don't wonder she sailed strong." But Nathan knew very little about ships, and so he did n't understand his father's laugh. He was persuaded of one thing, — that his Uncle Elisha was one of the greatest sea-captains that ever sailed; and he went to bed that night divided between his desire to go West in an emigrant wagon, and to sail to the Mediterranean, with a chance at catching some of those pirates, who he supposed were still roving about.

CHAPTER XI.

FISHING FOR SCUP.

SCUP is a fish that only those know anything about who have eaten it crisp and brown from the fire, for breakfast, just after it has been caught; and scup is a private fish that has a special liking for Hyannis Port. Mr. Bodley and Nathan and Martin used to rise early and go down to the rocks and catch scup before breakfast. It was a capital appetizer, and they enjoyed it hugely. It was one or two mornings after Nathan had heard his uncle's stories that he was recounting them to his father, on the rocks, and wishing he too might go off in a ship and catch pirates.

"Do you think catching pirates would be as good fun as catching scup, Thanny?"

“It would be very brave to catch pirates,” said he seriously.

“Well, I hope you will catch a good many of some sort or other one of these days. When we go home I think I shall have to give you some of Cooper’s stories to read. There you will read about



James Fenimore Cooper.

the sea, and about Indians too. The reason why Cooper wrote about both was, that, when he was a boy, he was brought up in what was then the wild West, in New York, where the woods were all about him and the Indians still lived there; and then when he

was a young man he became a midshipman in the United States Navy, and so went to sea. In that way he learned what happened in the woods and on the sea; and when he came to write books, he wrote of things which he had himself seen, and that made people glad to read them."

"Phippy says she 's going to write a book."

"We 'll all read it if she does. But people who write books do not always have an easy time of it. Do you know what land lies to the east of us?"

"Why, Europe."

"Well, if you could go in a straight line from here, due east, what country would you come to?"

"Spain, sir."

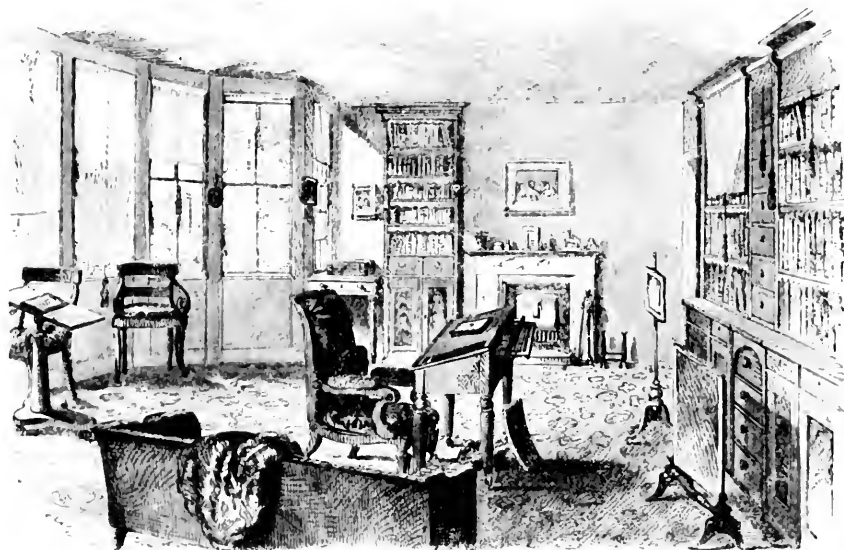
"Right; though I am not sure but you would have to go through Portugal first. Well, you know that the early voyages to this country were made from Spain, and that Spain established colonies here, and at one time held large possessions, especially in Mexico and South America, so that when we read American history we find one end of it reaching over to Spain. That is one reason why persons who have studied American history have been very likely to study Spanish history also, and there is one of our students and writers who has written a great deal that you will one day read, not only about Spain, but about Mexico and Peru. Some day when we are in Boston, remind me to show you the house where Prescott, this historian, lives.¹ It is a fine house on Beacon Street, and you may think that he leads an easy, pleasant life there, writing his books and seeing his friends: but let me tell you a little about him. He

¹ Prescott died in 1859. The time of this story, as of that of *Things of the Bodley Family*, is about 1850.

grew up a bright, sunny-tempered boy, in a family where life went on easily and cheerfully, and he went to Harvard College, expecting to study law afterward and become a lawyer. One day, when he was a little more than half through his college course, he was in the Commons Hall, where the students dine, and the students were having a boisterous time. The professors had left the room. Prescott turned suddenly to see what was going on behind him, when a large, hard piece of bread, which was flying across the room, struck his eye. You know your eyelids are to protect the eye, and so quickly do they act, that the moment they see anything come near, they shut tight over the eye. But when Prescott turned, the bread was so near, that it struck full upon the eyeball before his lids could close. The eye was instantly killed, and no ray of light has ever since penetrated it.

“After a while he could go back to study, using his one eye, and so he passed through college; but then there suddenly appeared a fearful inflammation in his sound eye, attended by distressing pain, so that he was obliged to give up the use of it, and remain for months in a darkened room; and when he came out, though he could use his eye to see his way by, and to recognize people and objects, he never has been able to use it for reading. It was plain that he must give up his intention of being a lawyer; but what could he do? Well, he had money enough. He could travel and enjoy his friends, and go out to dinner, and listen to music and reading, and everybody would excuse him from doing anything hard, because of his lack of eyesight. I suppose that for a long time his friends thought just this way of Prescott, when they saw him out on horseback, or met him at parties in the evening, and said: No wonder he is happy and cheerful, with all his leisure and his freedom from anxiety and pressing duties.

“ Now, Mr. Prescott is a happy man, and the older he grows the more cheerful and contented he seems ; and yet the man who does nothing all day but study how to gratify his tastes, or who consumes his time with a petty round of trivial occupations, is almost certain to grow discontented and hard-featured, complaining of



Prescott's Study

everything that interferes with his present pleasure. Mr. Prescott's happiness does not come from his doing nothing, but from his doing something worth while, steadily, all the time, in spite of his absence of eye-sight. If I were to take you to his study, where he writes his books, and we were to sit quietly there for several days, I will tell you what we should see.

“ We should find him, with the light carefully adjusted to his sensitive eye ; his books and papers arranged with precision, for he is

a very methodical man ; his secretary at hand to read to or write for him ; and he himself with his noetograph on the table. This noetograph is a writing frame about the size of your slate, with sixteen stout brass wires running across it, about as far apart as the lines on a ruled sheet of paper. These wires are to guide his hand in writing, so as to tell when he has finished a line, and where the next one is, for he does not look on when he is writing. He does not write on a slate, or on paper with pencil, or pen and ink ; but in the frame underneath the wires he slips a sheet of black paper, and under that another sheet of white paper, and then writes upon the black paper with a pointed ivory stick ; the black paper presses on the white, and leaves black letters on the white paper. It was invented for the blind.

“Here for twenty years and more he has sat and worked upon his great histories of Spanish kings and Spanish adventurers. Almost without the use of eyes he has acquired a foreign language, and examined a great amount of material, printed and manuscript. He spent money and time in getting together all his books and papers ; but he has done a great deal more : he has bent his mind to it, and stored his material in his memory, and worked it over in his thought till he has it in such shape that he can bring it all out, and write down the sentences which he has shaped silently. He composes when he is out on horseback, too.

“Now here is a man, born in wealth, meeting with a great misfortune early in life, affectionately cared for by his friends, and excused by them from labor, who deliberately sets himself a great task : the writing of a history, whose materials are in a foreign language, persisting in it year after year, not to make himself rich, nor indeed for fame, but because he knows that a life is not worth living which

does not have in it a strong purpose to do something, and that God has given him powers of mind that can and ought to be employed on some worthy labor. Do you think this is an easy, pleasant life? It is a constant effort for Mr. Prescott to keep himself up to his work. He is not a strong man; he is not enthusiastically fond of study; there is no need of his working; in short, there is nothing outside to compel him to work, but he has used his will on himself, and has forced his mind to obey his soul and not his body."

"That is something like the man in Antwerp who drew with his toes, that you told us about."

"Yes, and like the other man who could only use his head and so held his brush between his teeth. I hope you will have the use of your hands and feet always; but whether you catch pirates or scup, or go West in an emigrant wagon, or write books like Mr. Prescott, do it heartily." And so ended their talk. But meanwhile they had caught their scup too and carried them back for breakfast.

After breakfast Nathan tried to tell about Prescott to his mother and sisters.

"It is especially important for you to hear it, Phippy," said he gravely, "because you are going to write books."

"Well, if I am, you needn't throw a crust of bread at my eye. I shall want both eyes to see with. I can't read writing very easily any way."

"Use your eyes while you have them," said their mother. "You know the story of Eyes and No Eyes, and then when you become blind, you will have to use other people's eyes, like Francis Huber."

"I know," said Lucy. "He saw bees when he was blind. But I know the kind of bees I like best, — humblebees," and she looked at her mother.

“Because they make such good horses?” asked Mrs. Bodley, smiling. Then Lucy repeated, what she had just learnt, — the story of

THE FAIRY'S RESCUE.

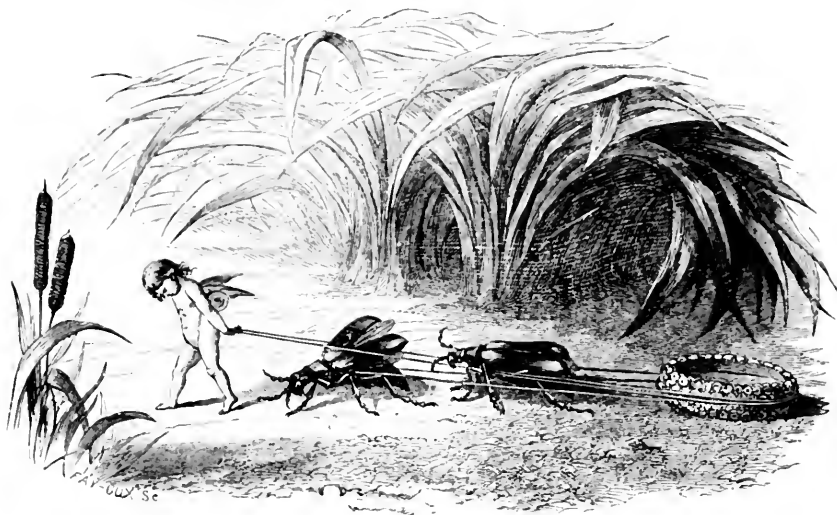
BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

Good luck for me !
 There's a humblebee
 Rolling in the clover;
 Hay-seed, fly over
 And catch him for me.



I must take a ride to-day
 O'er the waves of blooming hay,
 Up the hill-side, in the glen,
 Live two little, elvish men :
 Their beards are white, their beards are long
 Their hands are big, their hands are strong ;
 They've got my baby in their den,
 The hateful, hateful elvish men !
 They rode on a long-tailed dragon-fly,
 And they soared low, and they soared high ;
 They snatched her up
 From a buttereup,
 And carried her off,
 With squeal and scoff.

They 'll make her toil, they 'll make her slave,
 Their hoards of blossom-dust to save;
 They 'll harness her with beetles too
 To drag their acorn-cups of dew.



Get up, humblebee !
 Or I'll tickle thy furry thigh
 With this beard of golden rye, —
 Get up, humblebee !

Buzz ! buzz ! hum ! hum !
 Here I come !

I've got her! The hateful, elvish men
 Shall never, never find her again.
 I stormed their den with my humblebee:
 With his big, sharp lance he fought for me.
 We tore their walls of rotting bark,
 We chased them into their dungeons dark;
 With strong pine needles we barred them in,
 There they shall stay till they rue their sin.
 I found my darling with smutty wings,
 And spotted with cruel nettle-stings;



But I've swung her through the waterfall's mist,
And a cleaner darling never was kissed.
I'll put her to bed in the grass down deep, —
And set the crickets to sing her to sleep.

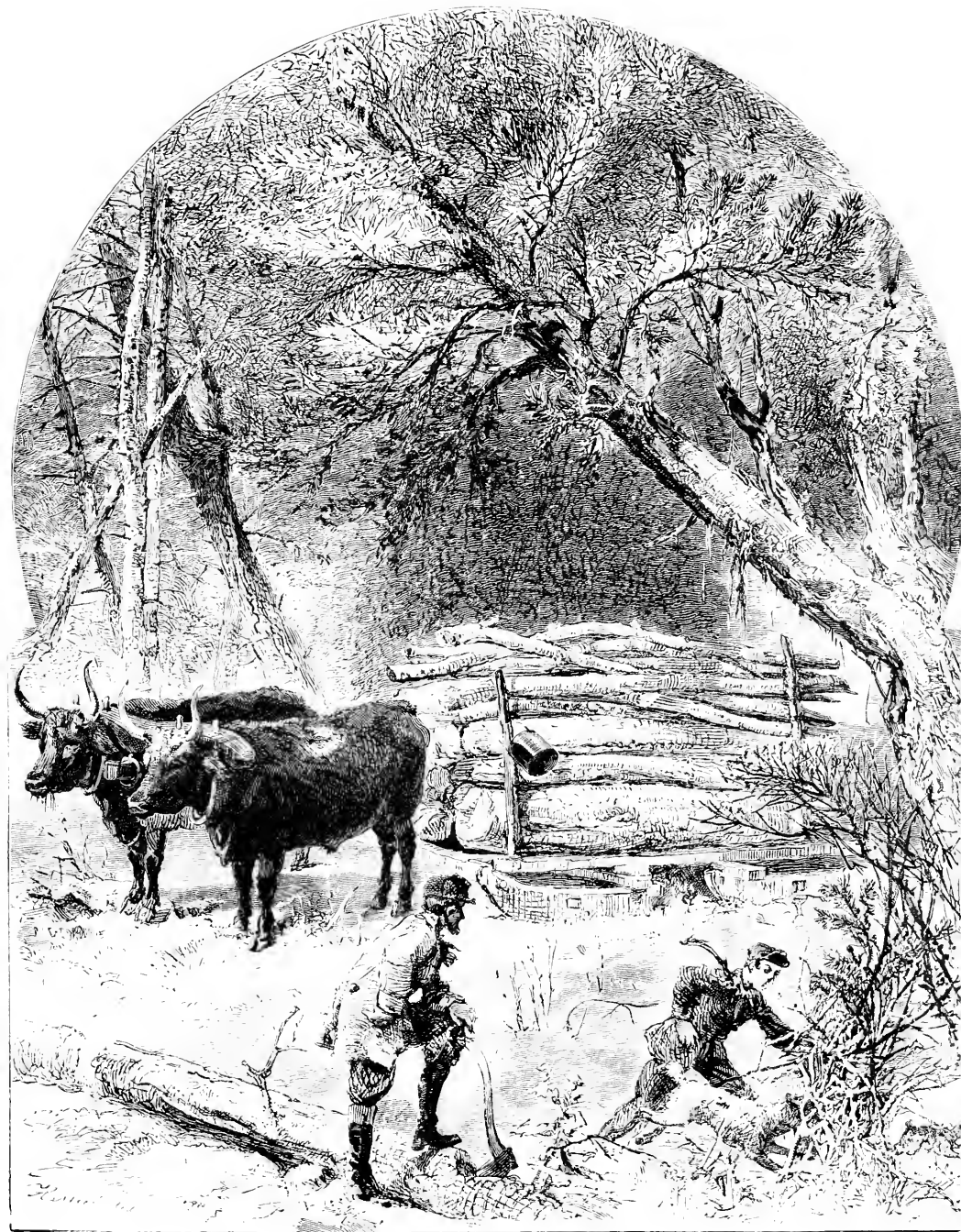


CHAPTER XII.

LET'S GO TO THE WOODS.

ALL about the Port where the Bodleys' Uncle Elisha lived were pine woods. It used to be a wonder to the children how people ever found their way by the innumerable wood roads with three tracks, two for the wheels and one for the horse, that crossed the woods in every direction. They and Martin sometimes went out with their uncle to bring in a load of wood, for the wood was cut and stacked here and there throughout the forest, and sometimes they would take their pails and go blueberrying in the clearings, where the little oaks were starting up to take the places occupied by the pines that had been cut down. When they went after wood, they would go rattling in the empty cart and come back on the load. The chief drawback to this pleasure was in the terror they were in, whenever they thought of it, lest woodticks, a mysterious burrowing insect of which they had been told, should get hold of them and burrow into them. But that never happened. After a while, when Martin had learned the way, Uncle Elisha would stay at home, and Martin would take the children with him.

"I tell you what it is," said he, one day, "this reminds me of what I used to do, when I was a boy. Many a time I've been with my father up into the wood-lot, but we used to go in winter, and bring the wood home on sleds. We had an ox-team and we'd go out and cut the wood sometimes and haul it home. We'd be gone all day. Many's the hare I've started when I've been off up there after wood with my dog."



MARTIN AND HIS FATHER HAULING WOOD.

"Was he as good a dog as Nep?"

"Well, he was a leetle more lively than Nep, and did n't flap his ears quite so much as Nep does. Nep's a first-rate dog, though, Nathan."

"What kind of a dog was yours, Martin? Was it a prairie-dog?"

"Well, no, not exactly," and Martin laughed. "It was more like Nep than it was like a prairie-dog. Did you ever see a prairie-dog?"

"No, but I've ate prairie-chickens."

"That's next best, any way. A prairie-dog ain't just like other dogs; it is n't quite so much like a dog as a prairie-chicken is like a chicken. The fact is, it's more like a woodchuck. I never saw one myself, but Hen's seen lots of 'em and he's told me about 'em. They keep a boarding-house, you know."

"Keep a boarding-house!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Yes, with owls for boarders. So they say. Hen says he's many a time gone by a whole village of prairie-dogs and seen owls coming out of their burrows. You see the little chaps burrow in the plain, and when you go by at dusk you can sight quantities of them chattering about the doors of their houses, — some bolt upright, some half way down the holes, and some running about. But it's mighty hard to shoot one, for down they pop into their holes, and if you hit one, he'll tumble down his door-way before you can get up to him."

"Can you tame them?" asked Nathan.

"Well, folks have tamed 'em, so's they'll burrow round the house and come out when you whistle to 'em. They're funny little things, any how."

"Did you ever get lost in the woods, Martin?" asked Phippy.

“Well, no, not exactly, though I had to stay out in them all night once. Me and Hen were walking across from Waterville to Abel Crawford’s one day. There was n’t much of a path and nobody about knew the way. We kept on walking after sundown, and by and by it got so dark we could n’t find the way, and so we had to camp out just where we were. The worst of it was, we had n’t



A Prairie dog Village.

even a jackknife with us. I had a little penknife, but I dropped that the first thing and never found it again. It had been raining hard. We had to push the old dead and rotten stumps over and try to break them up for fire-wood; but we got a fire after a while.”

“Did you make a fire by rubbing two sticks together?”

“No, we had two or three matches, fortunately. They say the Indians can light a fire that way, but I never could, and I’ve tried it plenty of times. Hen says he’s seen the Indians do it. He saw ’em when he was up in the Northwest. You’d ha’ liked that, Nathan, would n’t you,—going off with the Indians, and living with ’em?”

“I guess I should. Did Hen do that?”

“Yes, he was only a boy then, too. He knew one of the traders, who got him a chance, and he had a pretty rough time of it. There was a little Indian chap in the party, named Harefoot, who teased him at first just as much as he could, but Hen let him know he was n’t afraid of him. They came to a lake one time, and wanted to get some wild rice that was growing the other side. Harefoot told Hen to get into the boat with him. It was a birch-bark canoe, about as light and as cranky as an egg-shell. Hen suspected he was going to play a trick on him, so he kept his eye pretty sharp on him, but he was n’t quite quick enough: for when Harefoot, who had the oars, had pulled out a little way, all at once he gave a twist to the boat and over went Hen into the water. Hen had his clothes on, and Harefoot was almost naked; but Hen could swim first rate, and when he saw where he was he swam up to the canoe and pulled it over, so as to get Harefoot into the water. They had a tussle then to see who’d get to shore first, and after they got there, Hen watched his chance and meant to be even. Harefoot was standing on a bluff above the lake, shaking his long black hair dry, and was looking over into the water. Hen had taken his clothes off to let them dry, and he came up suddenly, caught Harefoot round the waist, and just jumped off the bluff into the water with him. The Indians round set up a shout. They saw Hen was n’t afraid, and after that Harefoot let him alone.

“That was up in the Northwest where the Indians are braver and wilder; down on the Plains, when Hen went over to California, he used to meet companies of them traveling, and he said they were a pretty poor lot. They were on horseback or on foot, and they made a sort of litter by strapping tent poles to horses, and letting the ends drag on the ground; they spread skins over these, and let the women and children ride on ‘em sometimes. There is n’t much of a noble Indian to see now.”

When they came home from the woods that day, Nathan asked his father what the reason was that the Indians Hen saw in the Northwest were different from those he met on the Plains.

“They probably belonged to a different tribe,” said Mr. Bodley, and there are differences among Indians, just as there are among white men. But when you grow older, you will find that one reason why the Indian has become a poor, squalid creature, is that we have treated him unwisely and selfishly; we have kept pushing him out of our way, and have shown him that we did not care anything about him, but only wanted his land. All the Indians are not like the poor Arrapahoe tribe that Hen saw when he was crossing the Plains. There are many lovely stories which Indians have told white men, — stories which could not have been invented by a degraded and miserable people.”

“Won’t you tell us some of them?” asked Lucy.

“Not now, but your mother has been saving some stories for you, which were told by negroes in the South, and I think there will be just time before you go to bed to hear these.” So Mrs. Bodley told these stories about

ARRAPAHOE INDIANS ON THE MOVE.



BR. RABBIT AND BR. WOLF.¹

I.

Once upon a time Br. Rabbit was bidout any water, and Br. Wolf was round dere taking dinner wid him one day. Br. Wolf say to Br. Rabbit, "Better let's go and jine, and dig a well." Br. Rabbit say, "Oh no, Br. Wolf, I kin drink early in de mornin' off de grass, and in de day off de cow tracks." So Br. Wolf went and dig a well for hisself; and after he been done dig dis well, every mornin' when he go down to fetch water, he meet Br. Rabbit tracks dere; and after he find Br. Rabbit keep on comin', he put de tar baby down dere, and Br. Rabbit come wid a pail on moonshine night, and as he git about an hundred yard from de well, he meet de tar baby, and he hail de little girl, and de little girl give him no answer, so he leave de pail and keep on goin' up; and he hail de little girl again, and de little girl give him no answer. Den he look down in de well, and ebry time he look down in de well, de little girl was lookin' down too; and he say, "Don't look down dere, little girl, or I'll slap your face." And he looked down in de well again, and de little girl still looked upon him, so he raised his right hand to slap her, and it got stick, and he told de little girl if she did n't let go his hand, he would slap her wid de odder hand, and he hit her wid de odder hand, and dat stick too. He raise his right foot and say, "Gal, see dis foot; if I hit you wid dis foot, you tink horse kick you." And he hit her wid his right foot, and it did stick; and so he up wid de odder foot, and say, "See dis foot; if I hit you wid

¹ These Negro Fables were first printed in the *Riverside Magazine*, being written down by a Southern lady. The word spelled Br. is an attempt at showing the sound of *brother* in the negro corruption; perhaps *berr* would give the sound better.

dis, you tink tunder roll over you.” And he hit her, and dat foot stick; so he say, “Little gal, I won’t say nottin to you at all; I have knock down many a man wid my forehead, and if I happen to hit you wid it, I split your head wide open.” And he butt her wid his forehead, and *dat* stick. Day broke, and Br. Wolf come down for water. “Hey, Br. Rabbit, what you doin’ here? Tought you been tell me you could drink water in de mornin’ off de grass, and cow track. Now Br. Rabbit, I goin’ to pay you for all my water you has been takin’.” Br. Wolf had a big fire make to trow Br. Rabbit in to burn him up. As dey was passin’ de brier-bush, Br. Wolf daughter say, “Pa, you better trow him in dat brier-bush.” Br. Rabbit say, “Do, Br. Wolf, trow me in de fire, ’cause if you trow me in de brier-bush, I done.” Br. Wolf say, “Well, Br. Rabbit, you is a mighty tricky fellow; I want de whole race of you to die away.” Br. Wolf tink Br. Rabbit did n’t want to go in de brier-bush, so he trow him dere. Br. Rabbit jump about and laugh. “Br. Wolf, you could n’t trow me in a better place, for I was born and raise here.”

II.

Once upon a time Br. Rabbit and Br. Wolf was courtin’ for a weddin’, and Br. Rabbit had a short tail, and Br. Wolf had a long tail. De nounge lady say, “I radder marry to Br. Wolf dan to Br. Rabbit, ’cause Br. Rabbit tail is short.” Br. Wolf wanted to let Br. Rabbit see dat de nounge lady was more in love wid him dan she was wid Br. Rabbit, so he been tink he would give a large party at the nounge lady house. He went round to Br. Rabbit house, and told Br. Rabbit dat he wanted him to play de fiddle for dem, and de girls said he must be certain to come, for dey could n’t do bidout

him. De ball was to be on Tuesday night. Wednesday, about nine o'clock, Br. Dog passed along by Br. Rabbit door. Br. Dog say to Br. Rabbit, "I is going to fling a hint to you; don't say I tell you, 'cause I got nottin to do wid it. The nounge lady say she would have married you, but your tail is too short; for her father say, it is better for her to marry Br. Wolf, 'cause he is so much more of a gentleman dan you." — "I am bery much oblige, Br. Dog, dat you did stop here and tell me dis ting. I won't say nottin about it to nobody." As Br. Dog leave, Br. Rabbit put on his nice clothes, and went round to de lady house. De lady say, "Br. Rabbit, you must be certain to come to-morrow night, for we can't do bidout you, and bring your fiddle."

"Very well, ma'am, I certain to come; but I won't walk to come; Br. Wolf always did been my great grand daddy ridin' horse, and he shall be mine." About nine o'clock in de mornin', Br. Wolf come round to Br. Rabbit house; Br. Rabbit was well and hearty. About six o'clock in de afternoon, as soon as Br. Rabbit seen Br. Wolf comin' down de path, in very great haste, he run quick and jump in his bed; and as Br. Wolf come near de house, he hear Br. Rabbit groan, and say, "Lord, Lord, Lord hab mussy!" Br. Wolf knock at de door, and Br. Rabbit mother come, and say Br. Rabbit bery sick. Br. Wolf say, "What mus I do? I is done dis afternoon, for Br. Rabbit is sick, and dono what for do." Br. Wolf say to Br. Rabbit, "Brodder, if I ride you half way. kin you go?" Br. Rabbit answer, "Oh, no, I is afraid you will trot wid me." Br. Wolf say, "I 'clare, Brodder, I will walk wid you ebery step of de way." Den Br. Rabbit say, "Lem me git dat little ting call saddy." Br. Wolf say, "Git um quick, lem me go."

"Lem me git dat little ting call briddy."

“Git um quick, lem me go.”

“Lem me git dat little ting call spur.”

“Git um quick, lem me go.”

“Lem me git dat little ting call whip.”

“Git um, mak haste, lem me go.”

Br. Rabbit jump on Br. Wolf, and off dey went. As he come to 'bout half way, Br. Wolf begin to trot a little. Br. Rabbit groan, and say, “I 'clare I must come off. Br. Wolf, you trot too hard; you promise not to do me so.”

Br. Rabbit was to ride far as de bridge; so when he mos' got to de bridge, Br. Rabbit say, “Br. Wolf, I begin to feel a little better; jis carry me 'cross de bridge, den I will come off.”

De nounge ladies was all out in de piazza, lookin' out for Br. Rabbit and Br. Wolf to come and play de music. When Br. Rabbit come to de gate, he clap whip and spur to Br. Wolf, and Br. Wolf was tearing down de road. Br. Rabbit ride up to de door, and tell de boy to take his father old ridin' horse and put him in de stable; and he went in de house and took de nounge ladies to peep trough de cracks in de stable, and see Br. Wolf. Br. Wolf was so shame, you could n't tell his head from his body; his head stuck in his lap. After dey went in to supper, and was all settin' at de ball-room table, Br. Rabbit told de boy to take some scraps to Br. Wolf. Br. Wolf say to de boy, “Please crack de door, lem me see how late it is.” De boy say, “No, Br. Rabbit tell me I must n't open de door, for you is a tricky fellow, you will jump out.” As de boy crack de door open to put in de scraps, Br. Wolf burst de door open and jumped out. Den he went and hired Br. Dog to catch Br. Rabbit for him. He was to gib him so much amount of money. Br. Dog leave his fiddle and ebery ting to de guard house, and tell de guard

man to mind dem, and he would call back for dem on Friday. So he went 'long a little snake path, and hide himself in a little alley. Br. Rabbit come along, and ebery little while he jump, and look round to see if anybody was out after him. As he went pass de alley, Br. Dog jumped out after him, and run, and push him so close, 'til Br. Rabbit run up a tree hollow. Br. Dog den call Br. Goose to gaard de tree till he go bring some fire to burn Br. Rabbit. Br. Rabbit say, "Br. Goose, dat de way you do? Dey put you to gaard me, and you tun your back." Br. Goose say, "Quack, quack! I can look right on you den." When he say dis, he poke his head up de hollow. Br. Rabbit trow some rotten wood in he eyes, and Br. Goose begin to paw he eyes wid his foot. Br. Rabbit come out and gone! When Br. Dog come back, he mak up a fire and burn de hollow tree down, and could n't find as much as Br. Rabbit bones. Br. Dog was so mad, dat he tun round and caught hold on Br. Goose tail, and Br. Goose fly up in de air, and leave his tail in Br. Dog mouth. Br. Dog went back to tell Br. Wolf dat Br. Rabbit got away, he could n't catch him. Br. Wolf den made a bargain, and play dat he was dead, so dat he could catch Br. Rabbit. One cold day Br. Wolf was laid out before de fire on a table. Br. Dog send round to Br. Rabbit, to let him know dat Br. Wolf is die. Br. Rabbit come up to de door; it was bery cold, and he say, "Gentlemens, is Br. Wolf dead, *in fact*? I am sorry to hear he is die." Br. Rabbit step up by de fire and warm his hands, and he say, Gentlemens, we mus hab someting for settin' up, and bury him to-morrow morning." As he step from de fire he say, "Look here, gentlemens, someting ain't right; I mus go and look at Br. Wolf face." As he raise up de sheet, he say, "Look here, gentlemens; did Br. Wolf grin after he dead?" He had de

sheet in his hand, but did n't put it down. De gēntlemens said, "No, he did n't grin." Br. Rabbit say, "Well, man *can't* dead, less he grin." As he said dis, Br. Wolf, wid his stupidity, *grinned*, and Br. Rabbit jumped out de door, and said, "Never see dead man grin yet."

III.

Once upon a time Br. Rabbit went to Br. Wolf house to ax him for go hunt coutah eggs wid him. Dey found a great many, but Br. Rabbit eat all of his on de way home. Br. Wolf say he was gwine to take his home to his wife. When Br. Wolf was home, Br. Rabbit went to him again. "I say, Br. Wolf, did you give your wife any of dem egg? You better not, 'cause dey are pison. I gave some to my wife, and she is bery sick." Br. Wolf was scare, and say, "Oh, Br. Rabbit, tenk you for tell me; I will trow dem all away." So he went to fetch dem; and as he trow dem out, Br. Rabbit run, pick um all up quick, and eat ebery one. Br. Wolf was bery vex when he find out Br. Rabbit cunning to git dem all for himself, so he run to try and catch him. Br. Rabbit run up in a tree. Br. Wolf told Br. Coutah to mind Br. Rabbit, while he went home to bring an axe to cut down de tree, to catch Br. Rabbit. When he was gone, Br. Rabbit say, "Oh, Br. Coutah; someting so pretty in dis tree. Look up, you will see it." Br. Coutah raise him eye, and Br. Rabbit trow dirt in um. Br. Coutah run to de riber to wash de dirt out. When Br. Wolf come back, he cut down de tree, but Br. Rabbit *done gone*. Br. Wolf was dat mad he did n't know what for do; so he run to look for Br. Coutah, and found him at de riber, washing de dirt of him eye. Br. Wolf been tek an axe and cut off him tail. Dat 's de reason Coutah tail short to dis day.

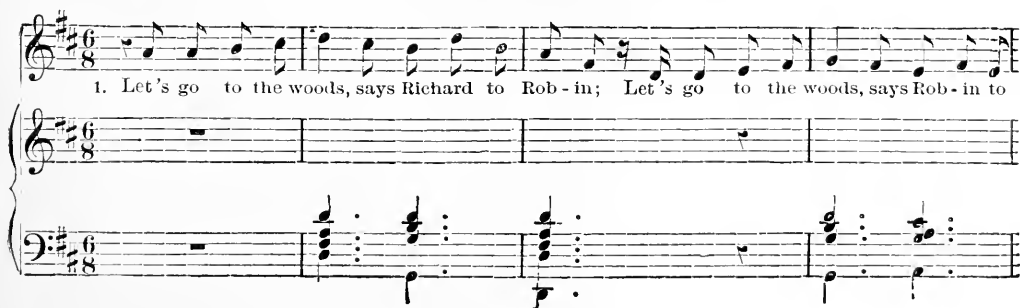
The children laughed heartily as they heard the stories, and it was long before they stopped calling each other Berr Rabbit, Berr Wolf, and Berr Coutah. Before they went to bed this night they sang a melody.

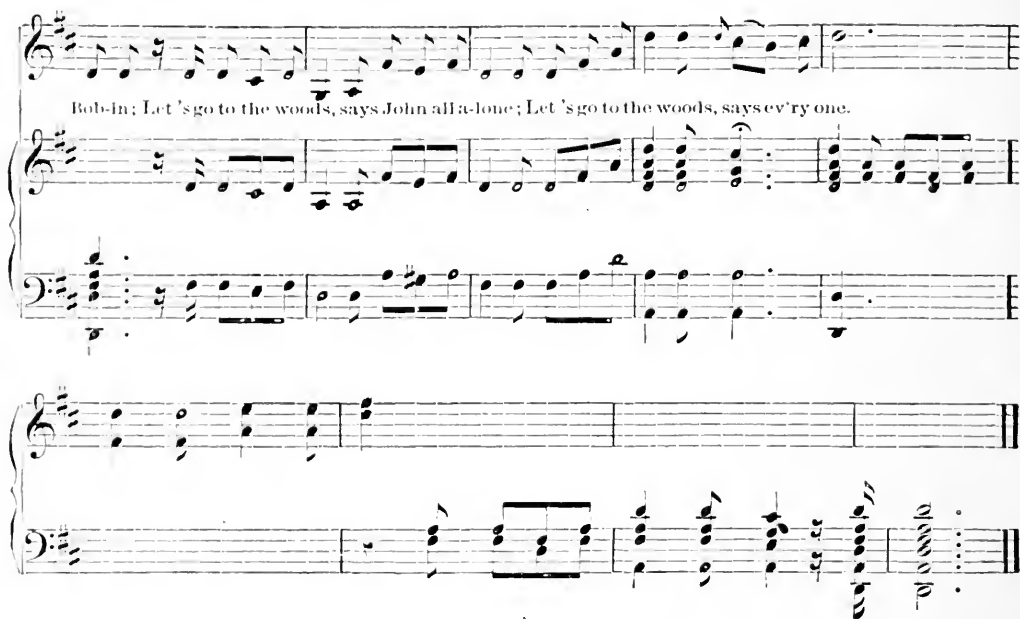
“What shall it be?” asked Mrs. Bodley.

“‘Let’s go to the woods,’” said Lucy, and as they had been to the woods, the children all agreed they could find nothing better. And here is the song they sung: —



Let's go to the Woods.





CHAPTER XIII.

LUCY'S BIRTHDAY.

THE journey home from the Cape was made shortly after this, and once more the children were at Roseland. The return had the effect of making their place look charmingly new and fresh. They ran hither and thither visiting all the favorites, while Nep bounded after them, every once in a while rolling on the ground to rub his ears which gave him a great deal of trouble. They went to the Gorge, but poor Picciola had long since withered away.

"The only way to make a plant like that grow," said Phippy, "is

to be a prisoner and have nothing else to do. If you're a prisoner you'll have spiders and flowers and all sorts of pets that remind you of something great and noble."

"I wish we could have some of those pink water-lilies in our garden," said Lucy.

"So do I," said her mother. "I have been thinking about it, and I mean to see if with Martin's help we can't have some pond-lilies growing; then if they succeed we will get some of the pink ones." So Martin was called in, and a great hole dug in the garden large enough to hold a large barrel, which was water-tight. This they sunk into the hole and then covered the bottom of it with loam, in which they planted the roots of pond-lilies. It was very hard to get the roots up without tearing them, and a good many were lost in trying to get a few. They filled the barrel with water, and as that was gradually evaporated added more. The plants adapted themselves very well to their new quarters, and when the next summer came put forth buds and flowers, to see which open the children often got up before sunrise, and it was the prettiest sight imaginable to see a pond-lily open its eyes. By and by, succeeding so well with these, they sank another barrel and put some pink pond-lily roots in this, but for some reason they all failed. But we are a year or two ahead of the last paragraph. We must go back to the family as they stood by the first barrel when Mrs. Bodley was with difficulty setting out the plants in it.

"It is very hard reaching down," said she.

"A barrel is just the length of a horse's head," said Nathan, sagely.

"I suppose they sometimes feed horses out of barrels," explained Phippy, "and that's the reason why they make them exactly so deep. It would be very trying not to get the last oats at the bottom."

"I should think the lilies would feel as if they were in a cage," said Lucy, who was watching her mother.

"So should I," said she, rising from her stooping posture. "I am afraid they will miss the little fishes that swam about them in the pond, and the flat-bottomed boat that paddled amongst them. But they cannot get away as easily as birds can out of their cages when the doors are open."

"How do they get birds back into cages?" asked Lucy.

"Sometimes the birds come back of their own accord, sometimes they can be called back. A pair of suspenders could do that."

"A pair of suspenders!" said Nathan.

"Yes; did I never tell you of the Musical Pair of Suspenders? Well, I am tired of stooping, and I will tell you now; it is a French story, told by the author of *Picciola*. There was a young gardener once, sixteen or seventeen years old, who had just left his native village for the first time in his life in search of a place. He was very innocent, and very ignorant, having never looked into a book, for no one had taught him to read, and he hardly knew anything but how to raise cabbages and rob birds' nests; besides, he was so simple that he believed all sorts of nonsense, and all the stories which had been told him in his native village.

"As he was going through a little wood, he saw a crowd of birds of all kinds coming to meet him: some followed him, hopping along and flapping their wings; others, perching upon the branches near the path, looked at him curiously. The real cause of this familiarity was that this innocent youth had on a pair of suspenders, each buckle of which had below it a little copper roller intended to give play to the suspenders; and at every movement which he made in walking, the noise of the roller was heard, and

sounded exactly like the note of a bird ; this was what had made so many birds follow him. Though he was a robber of birds'-nests, he could not tell a blackbird from a warbler. He tried to catch some of them, to look at them more closely, but they did not let themselves be caught so easily ; and he was following them in his turn, when a handsome girl, with eyes like a piece of blue china and long hair shining like gold, who carried a large cage in her hand, suddenly appeared at a turn of the path. Although her voice was heard in all kinds of sounds, now low and now high, she was not singing ; she was whistling, cooing, and humming, and all the birds began to leave the boy and fly to her ; as they presented themselves, she caught them without their making any resistance, seeming to gather them as she might have done the wild flowers of the wood ; sometimes they even went into the cage of their own accord.

The boy had no doubt that he saw a fairy before him, — *the fairy of the birds*. Astonished at her beauty, her china-blue eyes, her red cheeks, and her brilliant light hair, he threw up his arms several times to show his admiration, and at every movement the little rollers hit the buckle and sang their usual song. The fairy came right up to him.

“You have stolen a bird from me ; I hear it chirping under your waistcoat.”

Then, without giving time for any explanation, she dealt him a box on the ear, well-aimed, vigorous, and deafening, proving at once that she was as strong as she was handsome. He saw stars, through which the fairy's hair seemed to be throwing up flames. At the same time she tugged so violently at his waistcoat that all the buttons were pulled off. For all this you must not think that the fairy was an ill-natured girl. When she saw that the sound came from

suspenders instead of from birds, she was sorry she had been so



The Fairy of the Birds.

fairy had answers ready on every point.

"Among bushes," said she, all the while sewing on his buttons, "the blackberry is the sparrows' favorite; it may be called an inn for them, — a good inn, given them by God, and open to all who need a lodging. If they are pursued by some wicked bird of prey, they take refuge under its long branches, so closely twined together

hasty, and taking out a needle and thread from a leather bag which hung from her belt, she undertook the task of mending the waistcoat. Very soon a conversation began between them. Of what but birds could the fairy of the birds talk with a robber of birds' nests, I should like to know? As I told you, the boy was not very learned about birds. He asked her all sorts of questions about the birds which make their nests in hedges, in trees, on old walls, on the ground, and in bushes. The

and so well armed with prickles ; there they can build their nests at their ease ; at meal times the blackberry gives them its wild berries ; with its hooked thorns it catches for them bits of wool from the sheep which pass ; then a hair here, and a feather there, — something to make a bed for the little birds. Was I not right ? The blackberry bush is the sparrows' inn : they find in it a good house, a good bed, and a good table.

"But, young man," said the fairy, interrupting herself in both her talk and her sewing, "if you like to hear me run on in this way, you must be very fond of birds."

"I like to find their nests," replied the innocent villager.

"A robber of birds'-nests ! Horrors !" cried she, starting up in a rage. "What ! you little wretch, are you not afraid of offending the good God when you disturb His creatures ? If you rob a warbler's or a nightingale's nest, you take away from the spring its music, and endanger the farmer's harvest. And I, innocent fool that I was, have been amusing myself in telling this boy the places where he can most easily do his wicked deeds, — the sly rogue, the hypocrite, the rascal !"

While speaking thus, she advanced toward him with her hand raised ; a second box on the ear was coming, not less sound and well aimed than the first ; but what the poor robber of birds'-nests dreaded most was not the blow ; he did not much mind that, but the hatred and scorn of such a powerful fairy, who had such beautiful china-blue eyes, and such splendid red hair, gleaming like gold.

He fell on his knees before her, swearing by his patron saint, and by all the other saints in Paradise, never to do such a thing again ; and he looked so piteous, with his eyes blinking so drolly, that the fairy did not doubt his repentance, but had much ado to keep from

laughing out in his face.¹ Resuming her needle and thread, she told the young man to rise, and even carried her kindness so far as to invite him with a smile to come and sit down by her on the grass. In the movement which he made in sitting down, the roller began to play again.

“There!” said the fairy; “just now, your suspenders are exactly imitating the note of the redbreast; they say teeree! teereectee!”

The youth, with clasped hands, begged her to teach him the language of birds. She consented to do so.

“Most birds,” said she, “have one cry which they use in calling, and another for answering. Thus, the call of the yellow-hammer is pee! and his answer, zeezee! The field-lark calls pippee! and replies precoo! precoo! pee precoo! The woodlark says, badoolay! badoolay! and replies, lu-lu-lu-lu! The tomtit says, titigu! titigu! titigu! and replies, steetee! steetee! The redbreast says, weep! weep! and replies, teeree! teereectee! teereectectee! The wren, zool! zool! and answers zalp! The black-capped warbler says, tae! The white-throated warbler, bshee! bshee! they both reply, clap! Many birds have only one cry for calling and answering: the wagtail says, teetroo! teetroo! the white tail, farfar! farfar! the sparrow, twhee! twhee! like the bullfinch. The cuckoo repeats his own name, cuckoo! cuckoo! The quail, a bird of good counsel, says, Pay thy debts! Pay thy debts! The owl, when evening comes, saddens the woods with his dismal cry, in regular time, like the ticking of a clock: hoot-toot! hoot-toot! The nightingale says, teeo-teeo-teeo-teeo! The thrush, zeep-zeep!

“Now,” said the fairy, “open the cage and you will see!”

When the young man had opened the cage, she began to repeat in every tone her calls of titigu! titigu! zool! zool! zeezee! weet-

tweet! pippee! treetroo! twhee! twhee! farfar! farfar! and all the birds, — larks, tomtits, redbreasts, wagtails, nightingales, bullfinches, and goldfinches, — at the sound of her voice, flew to her, perched on her knees, her shoulders, and even her head, flapping their wings and uttering joyous cries; it seemed as if a living, singing, fluttering cloud had just settled upon her.

The wearer of the suspenders was struck with admiration. The fairy rose: all the waistcoat buttons were restored to their places. She made a sign of farewell to the young man. But before disappearing from his eyes, either by taking flight or in a cloud, — of dust, — she said to him:

“By the way, have you no other trade than that of a robber of birds’-nests?”

“I am a gardener,” replied he, “out of work. I have been looking for a place for the last fortnight, and I have had great trouble in finding one. O madam! you, who are a fairy” —

“Follow me!” cried she. He followed her, and she carried him straight to her master. She had the care of her master’s poultry yard and aviary. That day she had accidentally left the door of the aviary open; her little charge had flown away and she was looking for them in the wood back of the house when she met the lad. She knew her master wanted an under-gardener, and in ten minutes the boy was engaged on the place. The end of the story is that William became head-gardener and Scholastica cook, and they married, — and all this came of a Musical Pair of Suspenders.”

“Lucy,” said Nathan, when the story was told, “don’t you think you would like a bird in a cage for a birthday present?”

“No,” said Lucy, “I don’t believe I should.” She spoke rather doubtfully, for she was afraid some one might be meaning to give

her one and she would not like to appear ungrateful, but she did not like to think of birds in cages. It was to be her birthday on the morrow, and she had begun to wonder what presents she should have. She did not expect much, for very simple presents were given in the Bodley family, and as likely as not the presents would be such as cost no money but patience and labor on the part of the givers.

When the birthday came she was lying in her bed, where she had been all night, like other little girls. As she opened her eyes she thought she saw something before her, but she was too sleepy to make it out. It seemed to be in the air; she suddenly thought of the bird-cage, and for a moment was in fear lest she had received one for a present, and could she be glad? It was slowly twirling by a string hung from the hook in the ceiling, which held her mosquito netting in the summer. Soon she saw it was not so large as a bird-cage, and she stood up on the bed to see what it was. Phippy, who slept in another bed, at that woke also.

"Perhaps it is an exploding machine, Lucy, and will go off with a bang. Don't you touch it." Lucy drew back a moment and then went up to it again.

"Of course it is n't," said she; "nobody would give me such a thing. It's a box done up in paper."

"Does it rattle, Lucy?" Lucy shook it gently, and something moved inside. She took off the wrapping paper and discovered a box, and inside the box was another box, and in that another, and in that another."

"We'll have the boxes, any way," said Phippy, "if there's nothing in the last. Boxes always come handy." But Lucy had reached the last and took off the cover. In it was a thin parcel done up in tissue paper. She laid aside the paper carefully, and found at length

a little book. Its covers were made of birch-bark, smooth and velvety to the touch.

"It's Cousin Ned, I know," she cried in delight, as she opened the book carefully. The covers were tied with blue ribbon, and the leaves were, like the cover, all made of birch-bark. The blue ribbons passed through the leaves also, and held the whole together. On the cover was painted a little brown bird, and above it the title, "The Boy and the Bird," while beneath were the initials "E. G. A. — L. B." Ned was very fond of his little cousin, and, for all he was a roguish fellow, was fond of his books and pen. Secretly he meant some day to be an author, so now he would write little stories for Lucy, but it was only once in a while that he would take so much pains to decorate his little books. Here is the simple story which Lucy read: —

THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

There once was a little brown boy who lived among the birds. They were all about his cottage, flying back and forth, and he listened to their singing as he went about his work; and always, as he entered the dark wood, there was a bird in the apple-tree near by, that sent its pretty song after him; and when he came out of the wood, there was a twittering and a chirping, that told him he was once more in the sunlight, under the blue sky. When he was chopping wood, or gathering berries, or going behind the lowing kine from the pasture, it was nothing strange to him that birds should be flying above and around him, catching his eye with their bright plumage, and his ear with their fine songs.

But there was one that he learned to single out from the others. — a little brown bird, — and this one he meant to keep all to himself. He made a cage of osiers, and found a place in his cottage

where he could hang it. The hook was let into the ceiling, and in the cage he placed water and seeds, in vessels. Then he said, — “ Little bird, will you come to me ? ” and he scattered before it the seeds that he had so often seen the little bird eat. But the bird had seen the boy make the cage, and hang it in his house, and it refused to go to him. It flew away, and with it flew also all the others; and now it was silent and very dull around the cottage.

“ Nevertheless,” said he to himself, “ I must have the bird ; ” and for a long time he sought it, and caught glimpses of it, or heard its distant song; but in vain did he seek to take it prisoner.

At last the little boy grew wiser. He went back to his homely work, to live alone; he put the cage away, — yes he broke it, — but he loved the little bird no less. It came back again, and with it its companions; and once more they sang about the cottage, and made the boy’s heart light, so that he whistled at his work. He scattered seeds before the little brown bird, the seeds it was so fond of, but it was because he loved it, and wished to make it happy. He sang to it when he was in the fields; and when he went into the wood, it was the little bird that sat in the apple-tree.

His mind and heart grew, but he was young. Multitudes of birds flocked about the cottage; and if he was lonely, it was not for want of their company. They gathered about him; and even the little brown bird got over its fear of him, and little by little would come near, would sing to him; and finally, lit upon his head for a moment as he worked. He worked on happily, he lived, he sang. The little bird perched upon his shoulder; so had others, but this one never before; he laughed, but did not put up his hand to touch it; he did not turn his head. It flew in and out of his house, and watched him. He nodded back, and was happy because the bird was by him. Was it not enough?

Yet though he had this bright and happy company of the birds, there were days when he was deaf, and did not hear them; and blind, and did not see them. Instead, he heard the cattle lowing. — Come and feed us: you shall have yellow butter: and the sheep bleating. — Shear us, good master: you shall have silken wool: and in the pastures he saw golden berries upon the bushes. Could he have seen and heard himself, he would have perceived an old and bent man, muttering, muttering. But the birds saw him and fled, nor did they dare come back till they saw once more the little boy, and then with tears and smiles he welcomed them. Often, indeed, they did not come until he sought them in the dark wood, calling loudest upon the little brown bird.

At length there came a day when he was in trouble, and he could not hear any voice of any bird. They had flown away, and he thought to himself, — Ah! the little one has flown away too. — and it was hard to work. He did not hear cattle or sheep. He did not hear any song, and yet, — he turned his head, and the little brown bird came softly, and stole into his bosom. He laid his hand gently upon it, and ever after the little brown bird stayed with the little brown boy. Was it not better than the cage?

Nathan and Phippy had begun to make little books also, and Nathan had serious thoughts of giving Lucy the entire Epistle to the Hebrews printed by himself, but finding the task a long one, he decided to save that present for his father, and now joined Phippy in giving Lucy a volume of Hans Christian Andersen's stories. But what did her parents give her? They gave her a drive. Not but what she took a good many drives at all sorts of times, but this was supposed to be a special drive in honor of Lucy's birthday. She sat

on the front seat of the carryall with her father, both going and coming, while Mrs. Bodley, Nathan, and Phippy sat on the back seat. They drove by some pleasant roads which carried them past a very tall chimney. The chimney was called the chemical chimney, because it rose out of a pile of buildings used for some chemical works.

"Can we stop and see Levia's sister?" asked Phippy.

"And get some baskets?" added Nathan. Levia was an old nurse of theirs; her sister had married one of the workmen, and she used to stick together the refuse of the chemicals into rough blue and green baskets.

"Not to-day," said their father. "This is Lucy's drive, and we have a very particular errand. She has had two presents of books to-day, and we are going to see how one of them was made, not the one Ned gave her, but the one that you gave her."

"I'd like that," said Nathan. "because I may want to make another just like it, and it will be cheaper than buying one." Mr. Bodley smiled a little to himself and told Mr. Bottom to get up. Mr. Bottom got up and wagged along with his steady gait. They crossed a river, and driving by a dusty road came at length to a large brick building with a number of wooden buildings attached to it. This was the printing-office and foundery where they made books, and Mr. Bodley tied Mr. Bottom, while the whole party went into the office. They heard in the distance the squealing of some machinery and the pattering of presses, but before they looked at anything they asked to see Mr. Raketon, the owner. That gentleman, who was quite tall and wore a boy's cap upon the back of his head, came forward and greeted them. He knew Mr. Bodley and had heard of the children. It was his birthday, too, he told Lucy,

and he showed her a penwiper, modelled on a likeness of General Washington, which one of his children had made him for a present. Phippy looked at it very particularly, making up her mind at once to work one exactly like it as soon as she should get home.

"Now," said Mr. Raketon, "would you like to see how a book is made, Nathan?"

"Yes, sir, I should very much."

"Very well, when you write a book and send it to me to print, it will go first into what we call the Composing Room. To compose a book in a printing-office does n't mean to write it there, but to set up the types that are to print it." He led the party into an adjoining room where a great many men, and boys, and some women, were at work setting type. The compositors stood before stands that looked a little like a reading-desk at church, and on each stand was the compositor's case, made up of a number of little boxes, in each of which was placed lead types, each box having a separate kind. The children and their parents stood before one of these stands and watched the compositor. He held in his hand his "composing-stick," a metallic box about seven inches long, and two wide, and wanting a front; it was not quite as deep as a type is long, that is, not quite three quarters of an inch deep; in front of him, where he could read it easily, was a page of writing, and that page he was to set up letter by letter with lead type.

"What are you setting?" asked Mr. Raketon. The compositor happened to be deaf and dumb, but he guessed the question and pointed to the first sentence on his paper, "When we contemplate the beauties of the natural world."

"Now you will see him spell that with his type," said Mr. Raketon. "It is something like the game of letters, that you play. In-

stead of cards, he takes up the types and arranges them in words and sentences. But see, he does not keep the types in the order of the alphabet in his case; some of the boxes are larger too than others, because he uses more of some letters than of others. E, for instance, is used very frequently, so that it is in a large box and near the middle where he can get at it easily. Then when he finishes a word he puts in a thin piece of metal called a space, to keep *when*

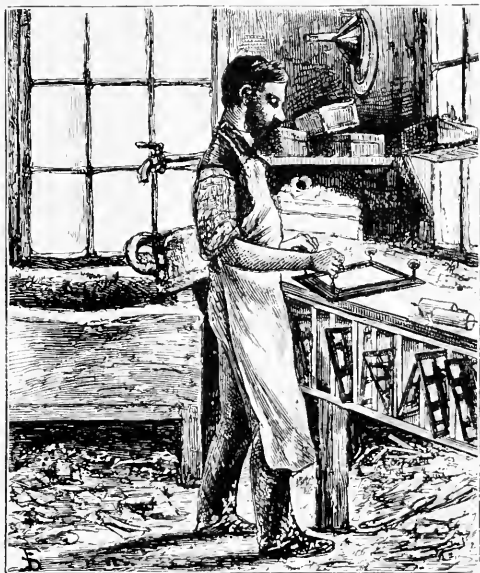
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from the next word *we*. He can get twelve lines into his stick, and if you will watch him, you will see what he will do with them, when he gets his stick full." The children watched the deaf and dumb compositor as he finally took his stick to a board two or three feet long, called a galley, which had a raised edge to it, and gently removed his type to the board, without disturbing their order. Then he went back to set up twelve lines more which he would add to what was already on the galley.

"When he has set up enough," said Mr. Raketon, "he will make

up his matter into pages just the size of the printed page in the book, and put an iron frame about the page, to hold the type tightly in place. Here, now, on this marble-topped stand, you see three pages of type in an iron chase, as the frame is called, each page separated from another. Now, if you rub some ink on the surface of these pages of type and then press a piece of paper upon them, you will find that the types have stamped the page right on the paper, as in your book. But it would be a very slow way to make a book to do this; and, besides, we should use up the types fast, and have to use a great many of them. Now, follow me, and I will show you what is done with one of these forms of type — these three pages in an iron frame.”

They all went down into another building, which they were told was the stereotype foundry. They came first to a man who was taking a mould in plaster. He had just such a form as they had seen up-stairs, and was laying it on the bench before him with its face upward. He oiled the surface of the type with olive oil, spitting it on with a stiff brush, so that the little nicks and crevices might all be touched with the oil. That was done to prevent the plaster from sticking to the type. When he had done that, he laid over it another iron frame having a screw at each of the



Moulding in Plaster.

corners. Then he took a great dipper, which had been so often dipped into plaster that it was all incrustated with it, and mixed in it plaster of Paris with water, stirring it with a stick having a sort of silk-winder at its end. He twirled this stick in the palms of his hands as Phippy had seen a cook in a French restaurant twirl his chocolate stick just before pouring out the hot chocolate. The plaster, looking like thick cream, was poured over the surface of type which had been oiled, and the workman took a roller, like a diminutive pie-crust roller, and rolled the creamy paste gently, so that it should be sure to settle about all the type; then he added more plaster until he had a smooth cake of plaster, which very quickly hardened.

Now the thing was to get this plaster cake detached from the type below it. For this purpose he used the screws. Turning them gently, one after the other, as if he was screwing into the iron chase, the upper frame was gradually lifted: the plaster did not cling to the type, because that was oiled. Then he removed the cake from the iron frame, and trimmed the rough edges. It was flat and smooth on the back, but he turned it over for the children to see. Where the type had been pressed by the plaster, there were little holes of the shape of the type-letters, and the whole cake was a page of sunken letters, just as the type-form had been a page of raised letters. The workman put the plaster into an oven to dry and bake hard.

"We have the plaster mould," said Mr. Raketon, "and if we can fill it with lead we shall have a stereotype plate to print from." So he took them into the foundry. There were a number of plaster moulds ready to receive the lead, or rather type-metal, for the lead has antimony and tin mixed with it before it is used. An iron pan, about two feet long, a foot broad, and two or three inches deep,

stood there, and a false bottom of iron, called a floater, rested on



A Stereotype Foundry.

the bottom. Upon that the plaster moulds were laid, face downward, and an iron lid was fastened over the pan. But it was not per-

fectly tight; at the corners were little openings. Then an iron handle, like that of a basket, was secured, but the whole was too heavy to lift, and a crane was swung round and nippers took hold of the handle. The workman raised the pan by means of the crane, slowly swung it round, and hung it over a boiler full of molten type-metal. Slowly he lowered the pan into the boiler, and the type-metal ran into it through the holes at the corners. The children could not see what was going on inside, but the lead was running into the little holes in the plaster cast and filling them. The workman kept the pan in the boiler for some time, then he swung it, by means of the crane, to a trough of water where it cooled; when he could manage it more easily, he swung it, by means of another crane, to a big block that looked like a thick keg bottom upward. The handle was removed, and the workman, taking a heavy hammer, knocked off the lead at the corners and edges where it had sealed up the iron lid on the pan. The lead knocked off, he removed the cover and took out the contents of the pan. He chipped off the plaster and threw it away, but now were seen lead plates of the size of the plaster moulds, having the letters raised on the surface where they had fitted into the plaster. In fact, here again was the page of type, only now, instead of being nearly an inch thick, and made up of a thousand little types, it was a solid lead plate as thick only as a dinner plate, and after being washed and its rough edges shaved down, it could be handled and used over and over again, while the types were carried up-stairs again, and put back in their boxes, to be used once more for making new pages.

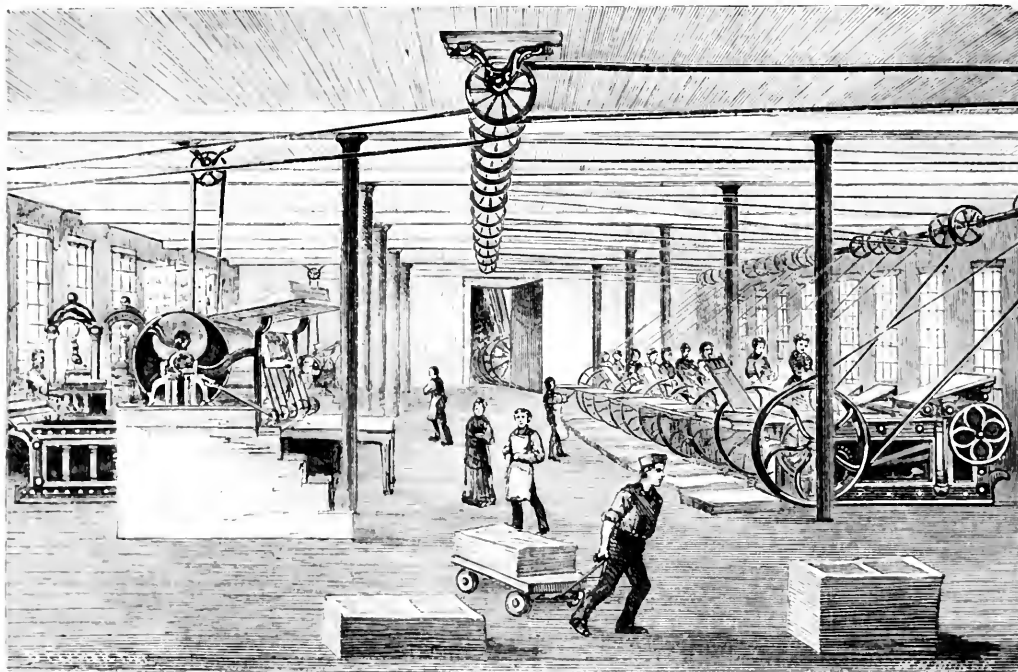
But how could these stereotype plates be used for printing? This is what the children saw when they went into the large room on the floor of the building. Here the printing was going on. They

watched one printing-press, where the man was at work making ready. He had sixteen stereotype plates, from which he was to print the first sixteen pages of a book. Each plate was about the size of a piece of small note paper, and he was arranging these on the bed of a press, the type side of the plates uppermost, and when he should fasten them securely in place, he meant to start the wheels of the press; but this they saw going on at another press. Here they saw a press actually printing. A pile of white paper, a little damp, was on an inclined plane at the head of the press, where a girl stood, and taking one sheet at a time, — the sheets being large, flat sheets, as big as a newspaper, — placed it where some iron fingers seized it and drew it down upon the bed of the press, which long rollers, like pie-crust rollers, were steadily inking from a trough of thick ink at the foot of the press. When the paper was fairly on the bed of stereotype plates, the bed was raised against an iron coverlid, or platen, as it is called, and the ink which was on the stereotype plates was pressed thus against the paper. But the ink was only on the raised letters of the stereotype plate, so that the paper was covered with impressions of these letters. As each sheet was printed, it was passed outside upon a frame, and thrown neatly upon a pile. The only person at work, apparently, was the girl who passed the sheets of white paper along, but the press was clicking, the wheels and rollers were revolving, and the whole machine seemed to be alive. That was because the press was attached to a shaft that connected finally with the big steam-engine in another part of the building, which was going steadily all the time, driving the wheels of all the presses and other machinery.

Each sheet that was printed from the plates of the press was exactly like the last and the next, and when a thousand were printed,

the sixteen pages would be taken off and the next sixteen put on and printed from upon other sheets of white paper.

“Suppose, Nathan,” said Mr. Raketon, “that your book has two hundred and forty pages, and we print sixteen at a time, how many times should we have to print before the book was done?” Nathan



A Press-Room.

was a pretty good arithmetician, but he had only one way of doing sums in his head. He stood and wrote the figures in the air with his forefinger, division marks and all, and did the sum thus, imagining all the figures and signs before him. Mr. Raketon laughed, but the answer was right, — fifteen. “Yes; fifteen times should we have to put a new set of stereotype plates on the press, and when



we had printed the last, we should have a thousand books done, should we not? Now, all these sheets are taken up-stairs and folded the size of the book, so that you can read the pages in order, one after the other. They are sewed at the back and put into covers; but this part—the binding—we do not do in our office.”

As they turned to go out of the office, they passed a little press, which was not worked by steam, but where a man was slowly and carefully printing a picture. Mr. Raketon stopped and took one from the little pile.

“Where is Lucy?” he asked. Lucy had lagged a little behind, watching one of the press girls, who had her hair done up in curl papers, and wondering if she was going to a party at night. She came forward and saw them all waiting for her.

“I have not given you any birthday present,” said Mr. Raketon. “Here is a picture which has just been printed. You can carry it home and keep it, and remember that you saw the man print it here.” It was a picture of a German music-master teaching a class to sing. The children looked at it eagerly, and Phippy whispered to Lucy:

“Let’s put it in the Picture Gallery, and put some brown cloth round it, and charge two pins to see it. That’s the way they do with new pictures;” and that is what they did with it, and the receipts at the Gallery amounted to ten pins all told, which they exchanged with their mother for one cent.

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST STORIES.

THE book of Hans Andersen's Stories, which Nathan and Phippy gave to Lucy, proved a source of unending enjoyment. To Lucy it was a treasure. She slept with it under her pillow, and almost always had it under her arm as she went about the house. She liked best to have the stories read to her, although she could read herself; for then she could sit perfectly still with her little hands folded and give herself no labor, but to listen with both her ears to the wonderful stories which the book told. To have her mother read them to her was best of all. Her mother's voice was a musical one, and besides her mother read the stories as if she believed them, while some people always seemed to be making fun of her when they were reading, and she did not like that.

One day as her mother closed the book Lucy gave a little sigh.

"Have you heard all the stories in the book?" her mother asked.

"Yes, all of them, and I was just thinking that I wished there were more. I like to hear all these again you know, but a book is n't like you, mama. It stops some time, but you can always go on telling stories." Her mother laughed.

"So can Hans Andersen," said she.

"Why! is he alive?"

"Yes, he is alive, and every year or two he tells more stories."

"Oh, is n't that splendid! I hope he'll never die."¹

¹ Lucy's wish may come true in an undying fame for Andersen's stories, but Andersen himself has died since she uttered it.

“Would you like to hear about him?”

“Yes, indeed. I should like to hear right away.”

“Well, I can tell you something about him, for he has himself written a book which tells about his early life. He thinks that no story which he ever told was quite as strange or beautiful as the story of his own life. ‘The Story of my Life,’ he says, ‘will say to the world what it says to me, — “There is a loving God, who directs all things for the best.” It was in Odense, in Denmark, that Andersen was born; his father was a poor shoemaker, and on the second of April, 1805, Hans Christian was born in the one room which his father and mother occupied, serving alike for house and shop; his father was a young man of poetic mind, always hungering after a richer life than that spent in making shoes; his mother, a simple, superstitious, and affectionate woman. In this room began his life, and his earliest recollections furnished him with scenes which afterwards he wove into his stories.

“‘Our little room,’ he says, ‘which was almost filled with the shoemaker’s bench, the bed, and my crib, was the abode of my childhood; the walls, however, were covered with pictures, and over the work-bench was a cupboard containing books and songs; the little kitchen was full of shining plates and metal pans, and by means of a ladder, it was possible to go out on the roof, where, in the gutters between our house and the neighbors’, there stood a great chest filled with soil, my mother’s sole garden, where she grew her vegetables. In my story of the Snow Queen that garden still blooms.’

“In Odense there were many things to impress his mind. His grandmother, an amiable old woman who loved him dearly, had the care of a garden, belonging to an asylum for the insane, and there

the little boy used to go and sit with the patients, who were harmless old women, at their spinning wheels, to whom he told stories of such things as he had heard outside. They were childish old women, and listened so eagerly that he waxed eloquent in the telling, and then the old ladies told him queer stories; and sometimes he would see those who were more insane and frightened him with their ways, so that he grew to imagine all sorts of strange sights and sounds around him. Odense, too, had little communication with the world. Old habits were kept up, and quaint customs prevailed; the different trades walked in procession sometimes through the town, headed by a harlequin with mace and bells; on Shrove Tuesday the butchers led the fattest ox through the streets, adorned with garlands, whilst a boy in a white shirt, wearing great wings on his shoulders, rode upon it; the sailors paraded the city, with music, and flags flying, and two of the boldest would stand and wrestle upon a plank placed between two boats, and the one not thrown into the water was victor. When he was a very little child, too, there was a war, and Spaniards were in the town — brown foreigners, who half-fascinated, half-frightened him.

“He grew up quite by himself, living in a strange world, which he peopled with his imagination. His father died, and he lived alone with his hard-working mother, learning very little, but busying himself about the dolls, which he dressed and set up in a little theatre of his own. He wrote a play, too, and introduced a king and queen amongst the characters. ‘I thought,’ he says, ‘that it was not quite right that these dignified personages should speak like other men and women. I asked my mother, and different people, how a king ought properly to speak, but no one knew exactly. They said that it was so many years since a king had been in Odense! but



HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

that he certainly spoke in a foreign language. I procured myself, therefore, a sort of lexicon, in which were German, French, and English words, with Danish meaning, and this helped me. I took a word out of each language and inserted them into the speeches of my king and queen. It was a regular Babel-like language, which I considered only suitable for such elevated personages.'

"He grew into a tall, ungainly lad, as shy as a girl, and yet so simple-hearted that he was ready to confide to the utmost in any one who smiled on him. At a charity school he learned just a little, but that little so carelessly that long afterwards he suffered for the lack of such common knowledge even as how to spell. It was now, too, that he began to associate more with others, and, like his companions, to go through the catechism, preparatory to Confirmation. He tells a little story here of himself, which shows where The Red Shoes came from.

"'An old female tailor altered my deceased father's great-coat into a confirmation suit for me; never before had I worn so good a coat. I had, also, for the first time in my life, a pair of boots. My delight was extremely great; my only fear was that everybody would not see them, and, therefore, I drew them up over my trousers, and thus marched through the church. The boots creaked, and that inwardly pleased me; for thus the congregation would hear that they were new. My whole devotion was disturbed; I was aware of it, and it caused me a horrible pang of conscience that my thoughts should be as much with my new boots as with God. I prayed Him earnestly from my heart to forgive me, and then again I thought about my new boots.'

"When he was fourteen years old, he was seized with a desire to go to Copenhagen, having a vague feeling that there he should see

the wide world and become famous. It was a restless, ignorant sort of expectation; all he could say was, that 'people have at first an immense deal of adversity to go through, and then they will be famous.' He begged his mother eagerly to let him go, and at last she consented; for she was poor, and poor people's boys often have to begin to care for themselves when no older. But first she sent, in her superstition, for a so-called wise woman, who professed to be able to tell fortunes.

“Your son will become a great man,” said the old woman, “and in honor of him, Odense will one day be illuminated.”

“It was a safe thing to say to a mother, yet, sure enough, years afterwards, it came true; for a great celebration was held at Odense not long since, when the freedom of the town was presented to the famous Andersen, who had left it a poor, laughed at, awkward lad. When he set out for Copenhagen, he had a little sum of money and his confirmation suit, including his boots, which he now wore under his trousers, however, and thus he began his life away from home. He was so utterly ignorant of the ways of the world, and so simple in his confidence, that he astonished every one to whom he made himself known, and was laughed at for a little simpleton. He had such an innocent way of going right up to people and asking for what he wanted! At that time it seemed to him that the theatre was the most beautiful place in the world, and he was quite ready to do anything that would be in place there—dance, sing, or act. So he went to the manager and asked for an engagement. The manager looked at him and said,—‘No, you are too thin for the theatre.’

“‘Oh,’ replied Andersen, ‘only engage me, with one hundred rix dollars banco salary, and I shall soon get fat!’ But the manager

gravely bade him go away — that only people of education could do anything at the theatre. The poor boy lived for some time, one scarcely knows how, but he could not help attracting people's attention, he was so ingenuous; and, at last, a wise and good man, Councilor Collin, took him as his own son, and began to educate him. As Andersen now learned how to use his mind, all the odd fancies and quaint make-beliefs which had kept him busy with puppets and dolls began to find expression in writing, and before he had finished his schooling he was writing stories and dramas; and just before he passed his last examination, when he was twenty-four years old, he brought out a collection of poems, and one of his plays was acted at the theatre.

“From that time to this he has been writing stories; novels for older people, such as the *Improvisatore*, which is a picture of life in Italy, and *O. T.*, and *Only a Fiddler*, where the scenes are Danish. He is Danish to the core. The old legends of his ancient country, the wild sand-hills of Jutland, the beech-trees, the bright, quarrelsome city-life, the fresh, frank hospitality, all get into his stories. But it is his little stories that have won him renown. They were something so new and so pleasing, that they became at once general favorites with young and old; and in the theatres, instead of poetry, the actors would recite *The Constant Tin Soldier*, *The Top and Ball*, or *The Swineherd*. Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, was a Dane, and was delighted with Andersen's stories. In his company he wrote *Ole Shut Eye*; and ‘often,’ says Andersen, ‘in the twilight, when the family circle sat in the open garden parlor, Thorwaldsen would come softly behind me, and, clapping me on the shoulder, would ask, — “Shall we little ones hear any tales to night?”’

“So, Lucy, when you know all the stories in your book, you can imagine yourself going to Andersen and asking, ‘Shall I not have another story?’ and then perhaps another book will drop into your lap.”



Singing Christmas Carols

The autumn had gone by and the Christmas Holidays came and brought Cousin Ned back to Roseland. He had grown a little taller

and wore his tall hat a little more regularly, but otherwise he was as good natured as ever, and always ready for a frolic with the children.



Mr. Bodley's Idea of Caroling.

“Let us have some Christmas Carols,” said he. “We’ll sing them in old-fashioned English style. I never was in England any

more than I was in Constantinople, but I've seen pictures and read stories, and we can sing."

"Oh, I know all about it," said Phippy. "We must all go out and stand under the window and sing queer songs, and then father will throw open the window and ask us all to come in, and he will give us cakes and ale by a yew tree on the fire, and then he will give us money all round and we shall sing, 'God bless you, merry masters!' or something of that sort. I've read about it in a book."

"What do you mean by a yew tree on the fire?" asked Mr. Bodley.

"I don't know," said Phippy, promptly. "But all the English story-books tell about yew logs."

"Oh, Yule logs," said he. "Yule is an old word for Christmas. The yew is quite another thing. I think your idea of Christmas caroling is very pretty, Phippy, but I'll tell you what I think the real thing would be. A lot of boys and men muffled to their ears with the snow falling and the wind blowing, and they shivering with cold. Carols at a New England Christmas do better inside a house or church generally."

"Then let us have some carols in the house," said Mrs. Bodley.

"Well, Sarah, if you will drill the children in singing a pretty Christmas Carol for Christmas Eve, I will tell one more story, — the last story for this year."

So when Christmas Eve came the Bodley family celebrated it in their own way, on the American plan, as Ned said, — a variation of the European. They had a blazing wood fire in the large parlor where the piano was, and chairs were drawn up comfortably around it. Mr. Bodley was sitting there, when the door was opened and in marched Mrs. Bodley, Ned, Nathan, Phippy, and Lucy, all holding

music in their hands. Mrs. Bodley took her place at the piano, and Ned as choir master gave the signal and beat time. The little company were arranged in a row, and after Mrs. Bodley had struck a chord upon the instrument, they sang loud and clear a French Christmas Carol written in the last century. They sang it in French, but Ned had translated the song into English; so that when they had finished, as there were only two verses, they sang again the same music to English words: —

Nous sommes trois souverains Princes.

MUSIQUE RECUEILLIE ET TRANSCRITE AVEC PIANO PAR J. B. WEKERLIN.

A French Christmas Carol of the last century, sung in the Province of Anjou.

CHANT. *Andante con moto.*

p

Nous som-mes trois sou-ve-rains
Prin-ces are we, sovereign-ty

PIANO.

p

prin-ces De-l'O-ri-ent, Qui voy-a-geous de nos pro-
bear-ing In East-ern land: Trav-el-lers three, roy-al-ly



- vin - ces En Oc - ci - dent, Pour ho - no - rer le Roi des rois Des si - nai -
 far - ing to Western strand; Hon - or to pay the King of kings At His ap -

- san - ce, Et re - ce - voir les don - ces loix Que don - ne son en - fan - ce.
 - peering: To hear the law the child king brings Sweet in the hear - ing.

rit.

Nous avons dans ces cassolettes
 Quelques présents,
 D'aromates les plus parfaites,
 D'or et d'encens.
 Agréez, Seigneur, ce trésor
 Et nos hommages:
 En recevant la myrrhe et l'or,
 Bénissez ces trois images.

Caskets have we, caskets the fairest
 Our gifts to hold:
 Spices odorons, richest and rarest
 Incense and gold.
 Take then, O Lord, our treasure store,
 Hear our confessing:
 Thou hast the myrrh and gold—therefor
 Give us thy blessing.

Mr. Bodley listened to the fresh voices of his children and thought how many things had been hidden from the wise and prudent, and that these three, singing so gladly in their Christian home, were also bringing their gifts to the Prince of Peace. They sat down in their chairs about the fire, and the father took Lucy into his lap.

“There is only one story,” said he, “that I can tell this Christmas night, and that is of

THE CHILD BORN AT BETHLEHEM.



Modern Bethlehem, showing the Latin, Greek, and Armenian Convents. — A holy man's tomb in the distance.

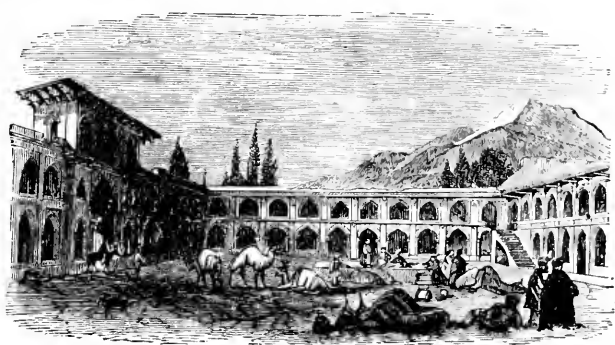
• About six miles to the south of Jerusalem is the village of Bethlehem, lying along the slope and on the top of a gray hill, from the steep eastern end of which one looks over a broad plain, toward a range of high hills beyond. At any time, as one drew near the place, coming from Jerusalem, he would pass by rounded hills, and now and then cross little ravines with brooks, sometimes full of water, sometimes only beds of stone; and, if it were spring-time, he would see the hills and valleys covered with their grass, and sprinkled abundantly with a great variety of wild flowers, daisies, poppies, the Star of Bethlehem, tulips, and anemones — a broad sheet of color, of scarlet, white, and green. Perhaps, very long



THE WISE MEN FROM THE EAST.

ago, there were trees also where now there are none ; and on those hills, gray with the stone that peeped out through the grass, stood the mighty cedars of Lebanon, stretching out their sweeping branches, and oaks, sturdy and rich with dark foliage, green the year round. At any rate, then, as now, we may believe that there were vineyards upon the sunny slopes, and we know that the wind blew over corn-fields covering the plains that lay between the ranges of hills.

“ It is of the time long since that we are thinking, when there were no massive buildings on Bethlehem hill, such as we see in a picture of the town as it now appears. Instead, there were low houses, many of mud and sunburnt brick, — some so poor, doubtless, that the cattle were stalled, if not in the same room with the people of the house, yet so near, that they could be heard through the partition, stamping and crunching their food. There was an inn there, also ; but we must not think of it as like our modern public-houses, with a landlord and servants, where one could have what he needed by paying for it. Rather, it was a collection of buildings for the convenience and accommodation of travelers, who brought with them whatever they required of food, and the means of preparing it, finding there only shelter and the roughest conveniences. The larger inns of this sort were such as we see in



The Caravanserai.

this picture that I show you,—a great court-yard surrounded by arcades, in which people stayed, and kept their goods, if they were merchants.

“ The inn at Bethlehem was not probably one of these great caravanserais,—as they are called now in the East, because caravans stop at them; and it is even possible that the stables about the inn were simply caves scooped out of the soft chalk rock, for the country there has an abundance of these caves used for this very purpose.

“ From the hill on which Bethlehem stands, one can see travelers approaching, and at that time, long ago, no doubt the people who lived there saw companies of travelers, on foot or mounted, coming up to the village. For it was a busy time in Judea. The Emperor at Rome, the capital of the world, had ordered a tax to be laid upon his subjects, and first it had to be known just who were liable to be taxed. Nowadays and in our country, people have their names taken down at the door of their own houses, and pay their tax in the town where they live. But then, in Judea, it was different. If a man had always lived in one place, and his parents before him, well and good: there his name was taken down, and there he was taxed. But if he was of a family that had left another place, he went back to the old home, and there his name was registered. There were many, it may be, who at this time were visiting Bethlehem for this purpose.

“ At least, we know of two amongst these travelers: devout and humble people they were: Joseph, a carpenter, living in Nazareth, a village of Galilee, sixty miles or more to the northward, and Mary, his wife. Together they were coming to Bethlehem, for while Nazareth was now their home, they were sprung from a family that

once lived in Bethlehem ; and though they were now poor and lowly, that family was the royal family, and King David, the greatest king that ever sat on the Jewish throne, was their ancestor. Perhaps, as they climbed the hill, they thought of Ruth, who had gleaned in the corn-fields just where they were passing, and no doubt they thought of Ruth's great-grandson, King David, who was born here, and here kept his father's sheep, — such sheep as even now they could see on the hill-sides, watched by the watching shepherds.

“They came, like the rest, to the caravanserai, but found it already filled with travelers. They could not have room with other men and women, and yet there was shelter to be had, for the place where the horses and beasts of burden stood was not all taken up. It may be that many of those now occupying the inn had come on Joseph's errand, and, not being merchants, had come unattended by the beasts that bore the goods of merchants, who were there occupying the inn ; and what were they there for ? We can only guess. All is forgotten of that gathering : men remember only the two travelers from Nazareth who could find no room in the inn, and made their resting-place by a manger.

“For there, away from the crowd, was born to Mary a child, whom she wrapped in swaddling-clothes and laid in the manger. She was away from home ; she was not even in a friend's house, nor yet in the inn ; the Lord God had made ready a crib for the babe in the feeding-place of cattle. What gathering of friends could there be to rejoice over a child born in this solitary place ?

“Yet there were some, friends of the child and of the child's mother, who welcomed its birth with great rejoicing. It may be that when Mary was laying Him upon His first hard earthly resting-place, there was, not far off, such a sight as never before was

seen on earth. On the hilly slopes about Bethlehem were flocks of sheep that, day and night, cropped the grass, watched by shepherds, just as, so long before, young David, in the same place, had watched his father's sheep. These shepherds were devout men, who sang, we may easily believe, the songs which the shepherd David had taught them; and now, in the night-time, on the quiet slopes, as they kept guard over their flocks, out of the darkness appeared a heavenly visitor: whence he came they knew not, but round about him was a brightness which they knew could be no other than the brightness of His presence which God cast about His messengers. Great fear fell upon them — for who of mortals could stand before the heavenly beings? But the angel, quick to see their fear, spoke in words which were the words of men and fell in peaceful accents:

“Fear not!” said he, “for see, I bring you glad tidings of a great joy that shall be to all the people. For there has been born to you, this very day, a Saviour, who is the Holy Lord, born in the city of David; and this shall be its sign to you: ye shall find a child wrapped in swaddling-clothes lying in a manger.”

“And now, suddenly, before they could speak to the heavenly messenger, they saw, not him alone, but the place full of the like heavenly beings. A multitude was there; they came not as if from some distant place, but as angels that ever stood round these shepherds. The eyes of the men were opened, and they saw, besides the grassy slopes and feeding sheep, and distant Bethlehem, and the stars above, a host of angels. Their ears were opened, and, besides the moving sheep and rustling boughs, they heard from this great army of heavenly beings a song, rising to God and falling like a blessing upon the sleeping world: —

‘Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will to men.’

“In the lowly manger, a little child: on the hill-side pasture, a heavenly host singing His praises! Then it was once more quiet, and the darkness was about the shepherds. They looked at one another and said, — ‘Let us go, indeed, to Bethlehem, to see this thing that has come to pass, which the Lord hath made us know.’

“So, in all haste, with the sound of that hymn of glory in their ears, they left the pasture and sought the town. They went to the inn, but they looked not there for the child; where the manglers were, there they sought Him, and found Him lying, and by Him Joseph and Mary. There were others by the new-born child, some who had doubtless come out from the inn at hearing of the birth. ‘Whence are these shepherds?’ they might have said to themselves, ‘and what has brought them to this birthplace?’

“To all by the manger the shepherds, their minds full of the strange sight they had witnessed, recount the marvel. They tell how one appeared with such brightness about him as in old times they had heard gave witness that the Lord God would speak to His people; how their fear at his presence was quieted by his strange and joyful words; and how, when he had said, ‘Ye shall find a child wrapped in swaddling-clothes, lying in a manger,’ they suddenly were aware of a host of angels round about them sounding praise, to which God also listened.

“Those to whom they told these things were amazed indeed at the strangeness. What did the marvel mean, they wondered. They could know no more than the shepherds had told them, and as for these men, they went away to their flocks again, praising God; for

now they, too, had seen the child, and it was all true, and with their human voice they caught up the song of rejoicing which had fallen from angelic lips.

“There was one who heard it all, and we may think did not say much or ask much, but laid it away in her heart. It was Mary, and she had, in the treasure-house where she put away this wonder, other thoughts and recollections in company with it. There, in her inmost heart, she kept the remembrance of a heavenly visitor who had appeared to her when she was alone, and had quieted her fear by words that told her of this coming birth, and filled her soul with the thought that He whom she should bear was to have the long-deserted throne and a kingdom without end. She remembered how, when she visited her cousin Elisabeth, she was greeted with a psalm of rejoicing that sprang to the lips of that holy woman, and from her own heart had come a psalm of response.

“And now the child was born — born in the place of David, yet born to be laid in a manger. A name had been given it by the angel, and she called the child Jesus; for Jesus meant Saviour, and ‘He shall,’ said the angel, ‘save His people from their sins.’”

“And that’s the last story?” said Phippy, looking into the fire.

“The last story from me this year,” said her father.

“But there’s one more week yet, any way,” said Nathan, “and Cousin Ned’s only just come.”

“Our year runs from Christmas to Christmas,” said his father.

“Bed-time!” said Mrs. Bodley.

“Good-night!” said the children; “good-night for this year!”

THE END.

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